

Screenland

21

PLUS
TV-LAND

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Shirt
Bow Tie

HAYWORTH:
She a
Life Trilby?

WICK POWELL:
10 Years With
e Allyson



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The most widely used antiseptic in the world.

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Screenland

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TV-LAND

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September, 1955

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ON THE COVER: DEBBIE REYNOLDS, STARRING IN MGM'S
"THE TENDER TRAP"

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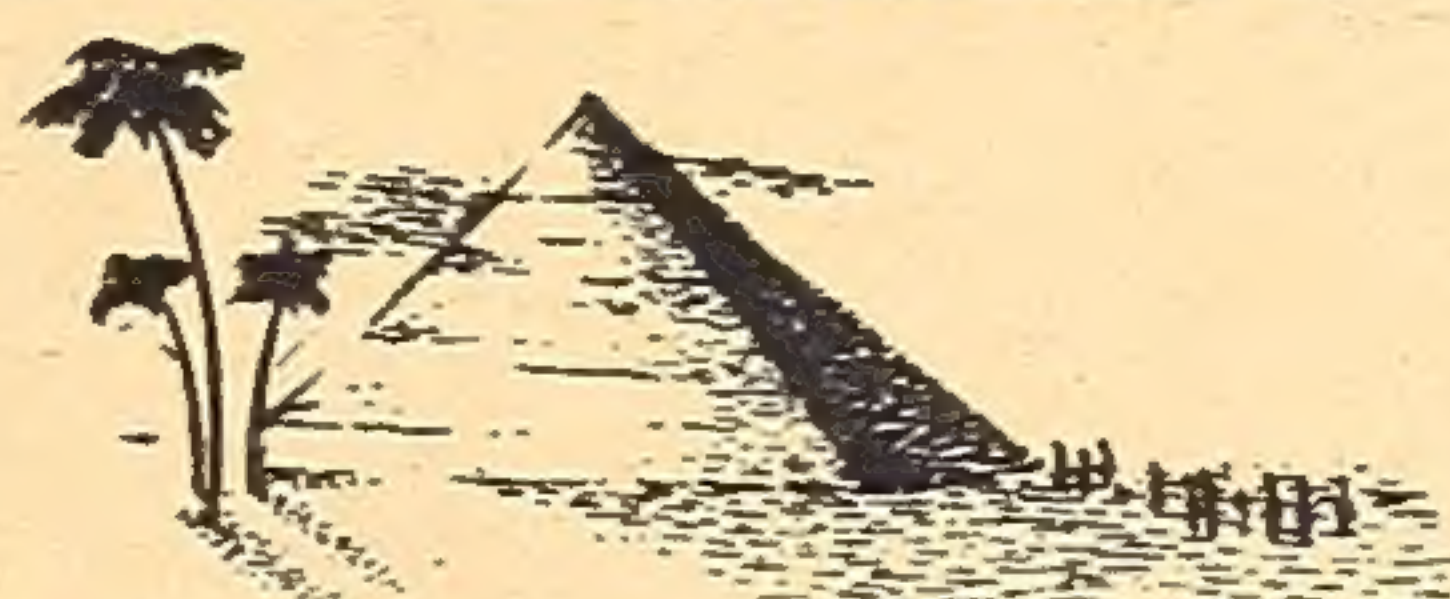
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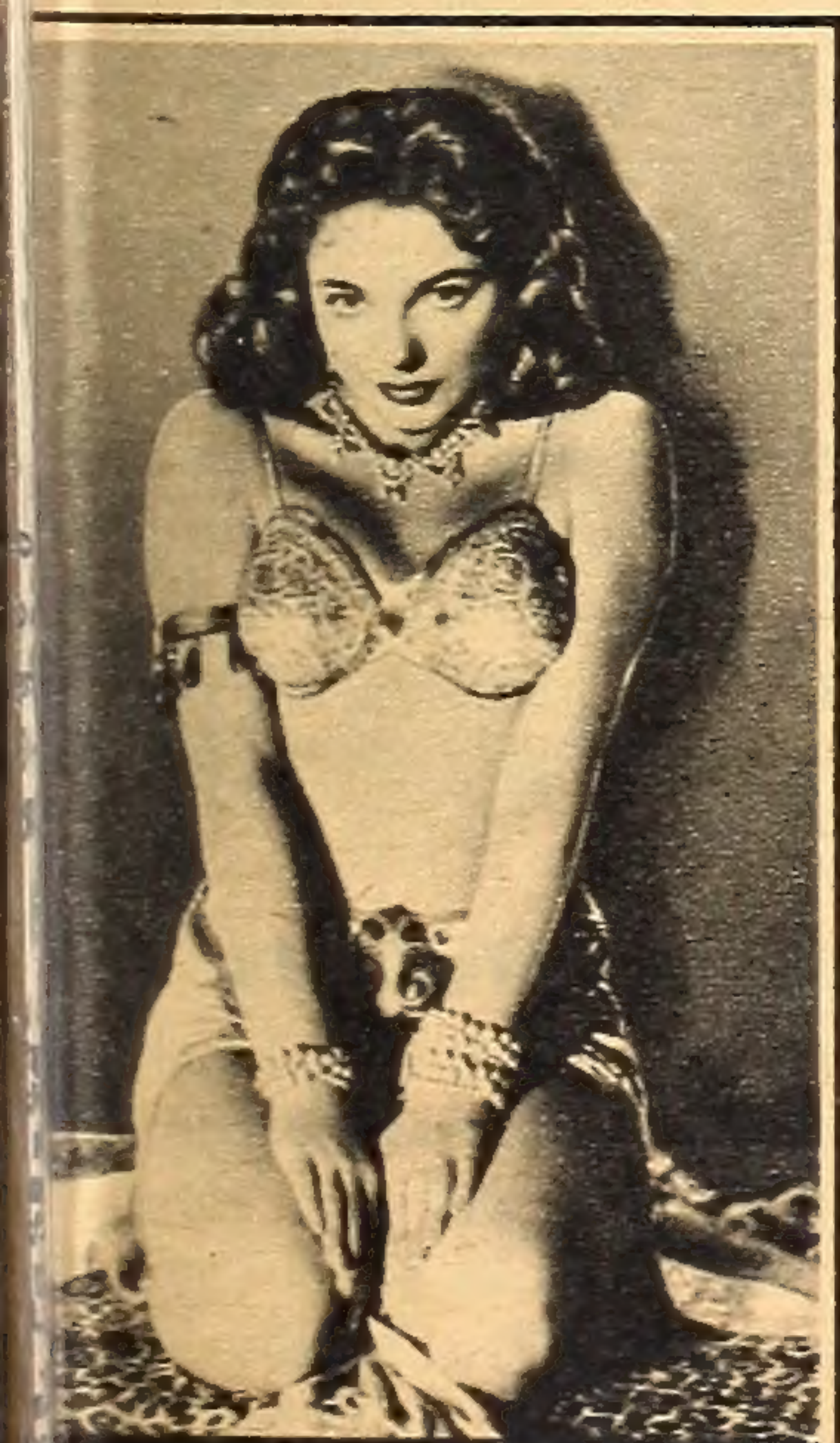
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OF THOUSANDS
BY THE LARGEST
LOCATION CREW
EVER SENT
ABROAD FROM
HOLLYWOOD!



Her treachery
stained every stone
of the Pyramid!



Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN



BOREDOM is Capt. James Cagney's and Lt. Henry Fonda's worst foe in "Mister Roberts."

The Seven Year Itch

ACCORDING to one psychiatrist the "urge-curve" in married males rises sharply during the seventh year of marriage. It's a time when even the most faithful feel prone—not to want, but with whom. To Tom Ewell, married 10! these seven years to Evelyn Keyes, the "whom" is that big, luscious bauble of temptation, Marilyn Monroe. Alone for the summer in his air-conditioned apartment after Evelyn and their son go off to a vacation spot, Ewell makes the mistake of wanting more than time lying idle in his hands. He invites upstairs neighbor Marilyn in for a drink. Simmering from the heat, Marilyn is immediately taken by Ewell's air-conditioning unit. It's not exactly what Ewell intended, but the enthusiasm has some unexpected and hilarious results. Marilyn, it develops, is of the firm opinion that, like any fragile flower, she'd benefit tremendously by spending sultry summer nights in refrigerated surround-

ings—Ewell's apartment, for instance. Though a vigorous clean-up job was done on the original Broadway script, this zippy item still remains charged with high humor and low sex. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Shrike

TO LOOK at her, so pretty and bright-eyed, it's difficult to imagine June Allyson cast in a role which calls for her ruining her husband's career, driving him into the arms of another woman, and being one of the reasons for his suicide attempt. The unfortunate victim of June's psychopathic desires is Jose Ferrer, a once successful Broadway director who, because of June's meddling, is almost forced to take a job in her father's store. Told in flashback from the time Ferrer is brought into Bellevue Hospital, near death from an overdose of sleeping pills, this is a powerful drama of a woman's do-or-die attempts to become part of her husband's career. It's not love for Fer-



IT'S a gay evening when Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell meet in "Seven Year Itch."

CLEVER needling by June Allyson is cause of Jose Ferrer's breakdown in "The Shrike."



rer's profession, but jealousy that prompts June's actions. After years of subtly conditioning him to failure, Ferrer cracks under the strain, leaving June to lurk the hospital corridors waiting to pick up the pieces. Based on the Pulitzer Prize-winning play, in which Ferrer also starred, the movie version tags on a new ending which, under the circumstances, makes all the despair seem worthwhile. (Universal-International.)

Mister Roberts

THE *Bluejackets' Manual* and Navy *Regs* cover almost any pressing problem a Navy man will run into. Two exceptions, however, are women and boredom. Every sailor can handle the first without book-larnin', and the second nobody, but nobody could have written anything telling how to scrape off the barnacles of boredom that slowed down the *USS Reluctant*, a supply ship cruising

continued on page



when
the U.S. MPCl..
the Japanese
Security Police
and a kimono
girl moved into
action against
the seething
underworld of
the Orient!

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sights and sounds
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bizarre streets,
its teeming life,
its dangerous
waterfronts, its
modern skyscrapers
and its eternal
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house of bamboo

from 20th Century-Fox
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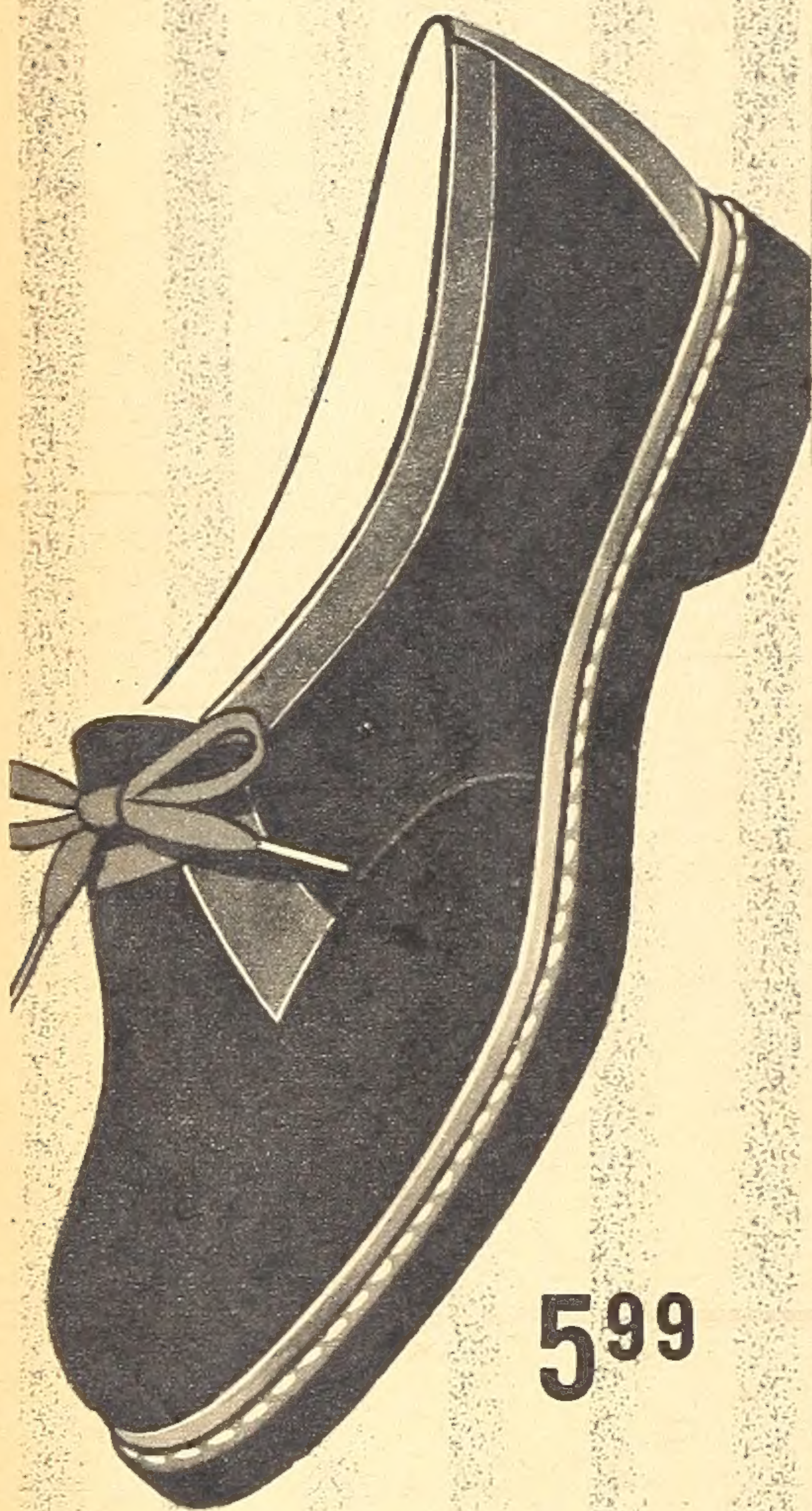
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Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 6

and-wife" look in their eyes whenever I've seen them together. The first Mrs. Gable, Josephine Dillon, by the way, was heartbroken over that very unflattering picture of her on a magazine cover. I asked her if she ever heard from Clark. "Not a word since our divorce and I've never received a cent from him either."

Greater love hath no wife dept. Evie Johnson has tinted her hair the same shade as Van's. Although I hear strong rumbles about this marriage . . .

Everyone wants luscious Jane Russell for a picture, but she wants to work for her own company, headed by husband Bob Waterfield. "I like working for Bob," she told me when she put in an appearance on my television show. "He understands me."

Kim Novak says those ads she posed for 'way back before Hollywood discovered her won't embarrass her in the slightest when they're released. They'd never make good calendar material, she insists. "I don't know why all this talk about my face being red," Kim said when I asked her about the pictures. "They're certainly nothing I'm ashamed of. I posed for them when I was a model back in Chicago, and, as I recall, they weren't even sexy."

Debra Paget has to wear brown contact lenses to cover her blue eyes in "The Ten Commandments." She wore them once before when she played an Indian maid in "Broken Arrow." Which reminds me that during a very romantic scene in the picture, Jimmy Stewart took Debbie in his arms, held her tightly, and whispered softly into her ear: "I love you, but one of your eyes is slipping."

Jane Powell is unhappy with the way her career is going. "I thought they'd let

me do adult roles after "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers," she pouted to me at lunch. "But they've put me back into little girl parts. I don't know what I have to do to prove that I'm grown up. Maybe having another baby will do it." Jane wanted desperately to do "Love Me Or Leave Me," but the studio gave the role to Doris Day, as you know.

Dr. Lew Morrill denies emphatically that he has any designs on divorcing wife Rhonda Fleming's film earnings. "I borrowed \$5,000 from Rhonda while we were married, but I'm paying it back to her, with interest," he insists.

Cary Grant, who was Mae West's leading man in her early Paramount pictures, got a big kick when La West, at her Ciro's opening, opined, "Every one of my men has been stamped Grade A." Remarked Cary, "I don't know what letter of the alphabet Mae stamped me, but I'm proud to have been stamped at all."

Gary Crosby's secret new flame is Antoinette Napoli, a cute Italian-born waitress at the Tablehoppers on the Strip . . . Although Zsa Zsa Gabor insisted to me she won't marry Porfirio Rubirosa, she doesn't mind using him as a traveling companion. She also reminded me that none of her ex-husbands has remarried. "After they've been married to me, they've had it," she said. And sister, she ain't kidding.

A big, big male star is in the hands of blackmailers because of a very silly escapade . . . It's serious between Scott Brady and Broadway star Gwen Verdon. They met when they appeared in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." It's about time Scott married someone—blonde or brunette . . . But it's not serious between Bob Wagner and Mona Freeman.



EUROPE-BOUND Joan Crawford and Al Steele dig into cake at bon voyage party.



A NOBLEMAN is mad for Ava Gardner, but she's acting very aristocratic-like—cool.



HAPPINESS and contentment has been found by June Haver and Fred MacMurray.

I'm told that Rita Moreno answered the front door at Marlon Brando's new Mulholland Drive diggings two nights in a row when one of my operatives went seeking the elusive one. But Marlon, I'm also told, is still serious about Josianne Mariani. I just don't dig this gentleman at all.

Tab Hunter is worried about his career, but he shouldn't be after "Battle Cry" . . . Pier Angeli and Vic Damone bought their dream house in Bel Air—a two story white colonial. Pier's so happy being married that I wouldn't be surprised if she up and quit acting altogether in a very short time . . . But her twin sister, Marisa Pavan, tells me wedding bells won't ring for her for at least another three years. However, a gal can change her mind, and Arthur Loew, Jr. may change Marisa's.

Donald O'Connor is mighty fond of pretty Gloria Noble, and is spending all his spare time with her, but says they have no plans for marriage. "Gloria is a very nice girl and the only one I'm seeing at present," he told me. "But then I'm not much for this business of dating a different doll every night. What for?" he added with a shrug. "It's much better to find someone you like and can be relaxed and comfortable with."

Sterling Hayden brushes off any questions about his divorce battle with ex-wife Betty, with the curt remark, "I can't talk about it. I'm in litigation." Meanwhile, he's looking after their four children, all of whom are under seven.

Mamie Van Doren claims that the reason she doesn't wear anything beneath her evening gowns is "because there's never any room." Doris Day has been offered one million dollars by MGM to sign a four-picture contract with them. That's a dollar for every freckle she has.

Jack Webb received a fan letter from an inmate of San Quentin which read, in its entirety: "Dear Sgt. Friday—Get me outa here."

And with that I'll leave you.

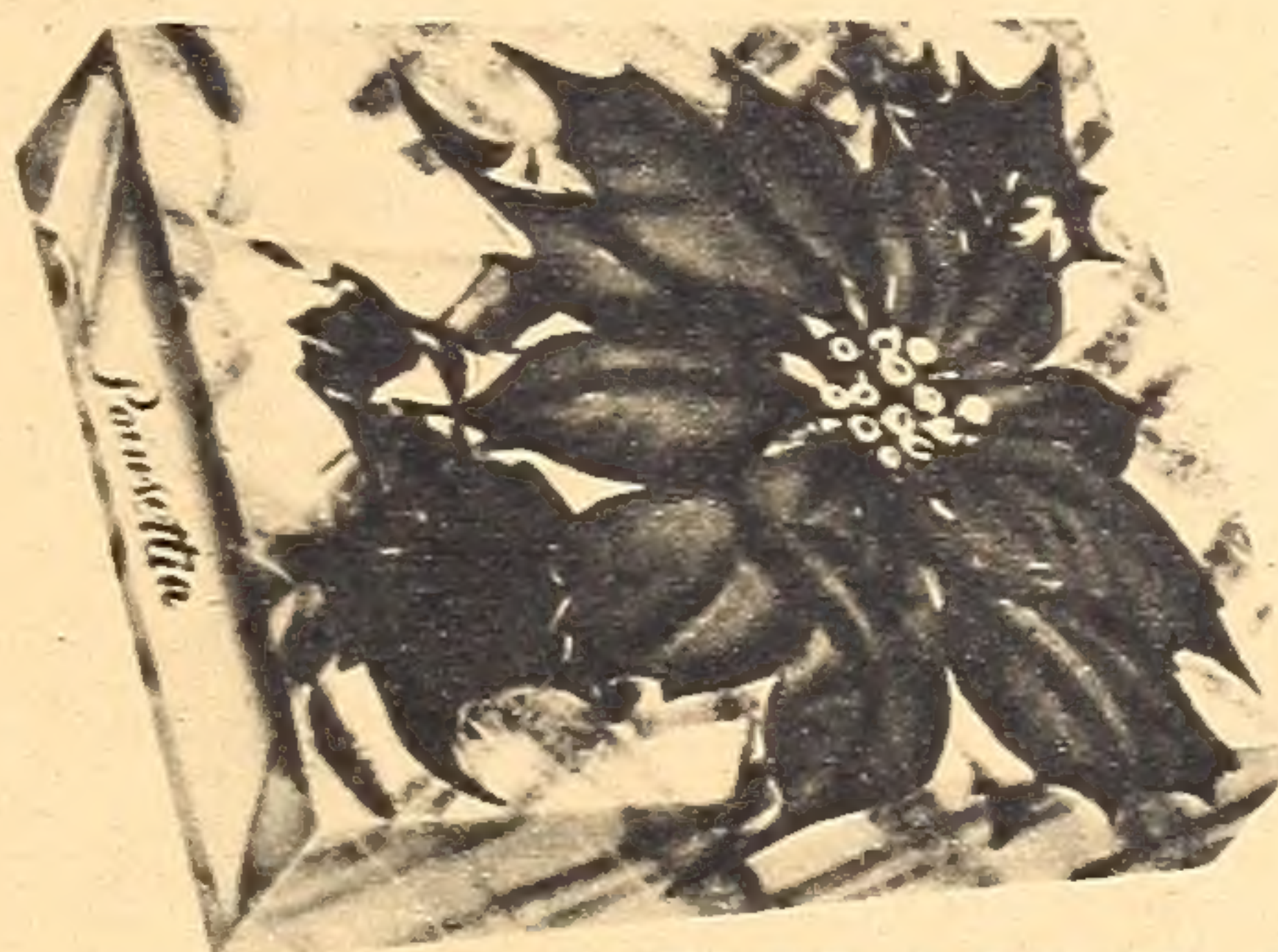
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Rush my **FREE STONE & FREE box of 21 Christmas Cards & envelopes & other samples on approval.**

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Address

City

Zone

State

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

REAL SMOOTH—One of Hollywood's really happy marriages and one that has little fanfare as such is that of Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield. They actually shy away from publicity about their home life, so nobody thinks about it—and they go on their merry way. Now that Bob has given up pro football for movie producing—he and Jane have their own company, Russfield—they even have careers in common. And their first picture, "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," was a real smash hit when sneak previewed here. Well, all this is just to remind you that Bob and Jane just celebrated their 13th wedding anniversary.

TY PAYS—What a settlement Linda Christian got when she divorced Ty Power! It will amount to more than a million dollars if she doesn't remarry for eleven years. Ty really pays for his marriages. His first, to Annabella, reputedly cost him \$500,000 in alimony spread over 10 years!

BUSY DAY—On the same day Linda received her divorce, Dale Robertson's estranged wife, Jackie, received her inter-

locutory decree from Dale. And a few days later, one of the Las Vegas hotels sent an invitation to Dale and his steady date, Mary Murphy, to be married up there a year from now, when Dale's divorce is final. The date coincides with the first anniversary of the hotel. But how commercial can you get? We hope Dale and Mary have better taste than to accept!

DATA ON DATES—Bob Francis has been mystifying chums with talk about his new "girl friend" Vicki. Well, Vicki is really a 10-year-old with whom Bob is doing some exhibition water-skiing down at Long Beach this summer! But he does think she's a great kid. Meanwhile, Bob's real date interest continues to be Lori Nelson . . . And Lori's former best beau, Tab Hunter, has been dating Dorothy Malone. Maybe continuing the romance of "Battle Cry"?

OFF-SCREEN LOVE?—Hugh O'Brian, who at one time or another has dated most of the younger glamor gals, has flipped over Carol Ohmart, Paramount's new find who has the entire studio so agog she'll be starred in her very first film, "Too Late, My Love." After his first date with Carol, Hugh rapturized to one friend, "She's the greatest thing since sliced bread." And to another, "She's like perfume. If we could bottle her, we'd make a million." Sounds like love, doesn't it? But Hugh's been known to change his mind before.

ON-SCREEN LOVE—Anna Maria Alberghetti is recovering from a stiff neck—and it wasn't caused by a draft! For three days straight she was doing love scenes with Sterling Hayden for "Texas Legionnaires," and had to keep looking up into his eyes, plus the usual clinches. And she's 5'4" while he's 6'4"! Off-screen Hayden has been discovering The Real Thing with Helen O'Connell.

TENDER TWAINS—Dick Contino, who used to date Piper Laurie, is now rushing Leigh Snowden, the young beauty who ironically is also under contract to Piper's studio, U-I. Leigh just finished a good role with Rock Hudson and Jane



JANE RUSSELL and Bob Waterfield just celebrated their 13th wedding anniversary.



TY POWER really pays for his marriages. Annabella got \$500,000; Linda over a million.

Wyman in "All That Heaven Allows." Piper, meanwhile, has been shying away from romance . . . Steve Cochran has been having lotsa dates with Jayne Mansfield . . . And George Nader, on location in the Virgin Islands for "Away All Boats," seems to have found romance with a blonde named Linda Francis who sings in a night club down thataway. That news breaks the hearts of a few Hollywood lasses.

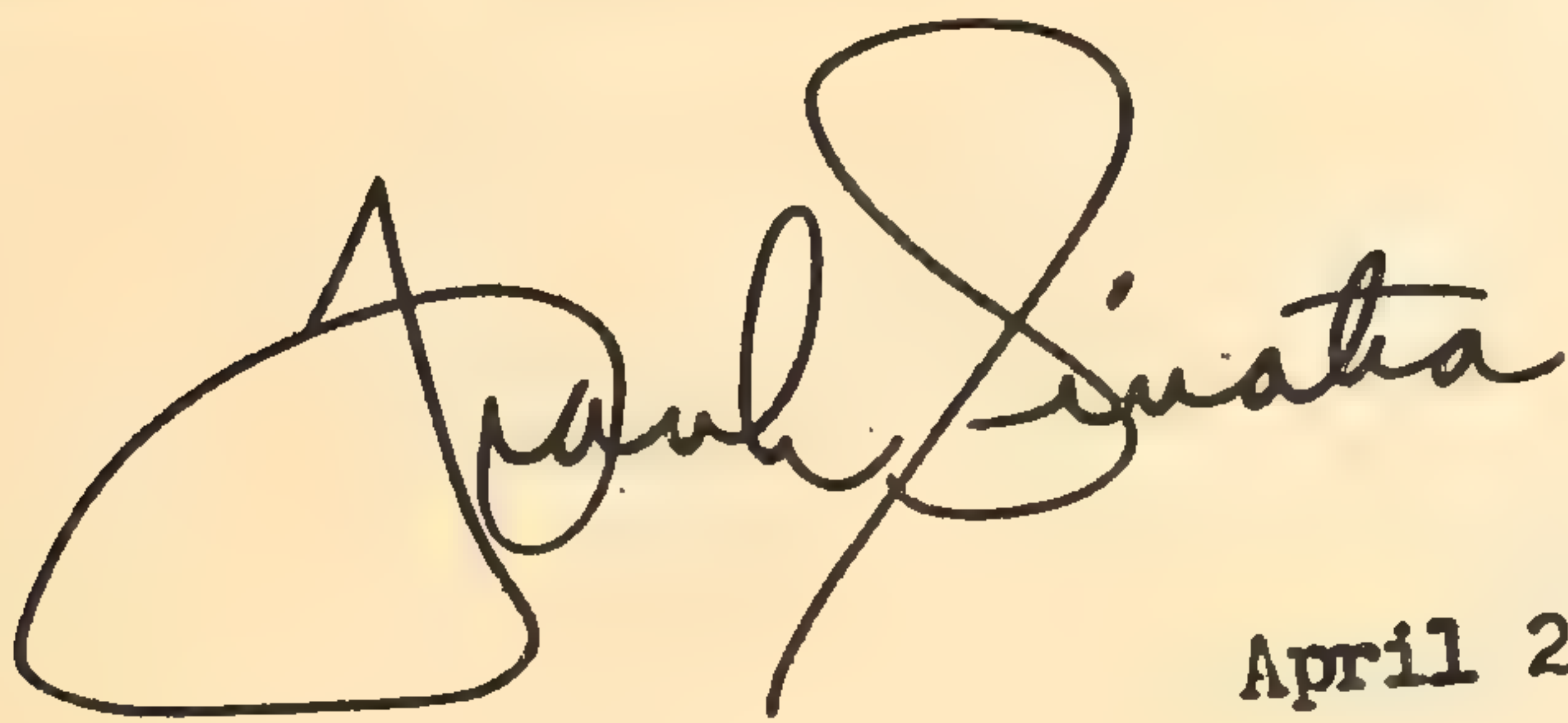
NO WEDDING BELLS—We can tell you that one columnist's item announcing "Kim Novak and fiance Mac Krim are making plans for a honeymoon house" is just so much eyewash! Kim told us, "I'm not about to marry—not Mac or anybody!" She added she is not engaged. Kim, by the way, has dyed her silver-blond hair to a tawny brown-red for her

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INSIDERS say when and if Bing Crosby re-weds, his bride will be Katherine Grant.

A letter from Frank Sinatra to SCREENLAND



April 22, 1955

Mr. Bill Tusher,
c/o Screenland Magazine,
10 East 40th Street,
New York 16, N.Y.

Dear Bill:

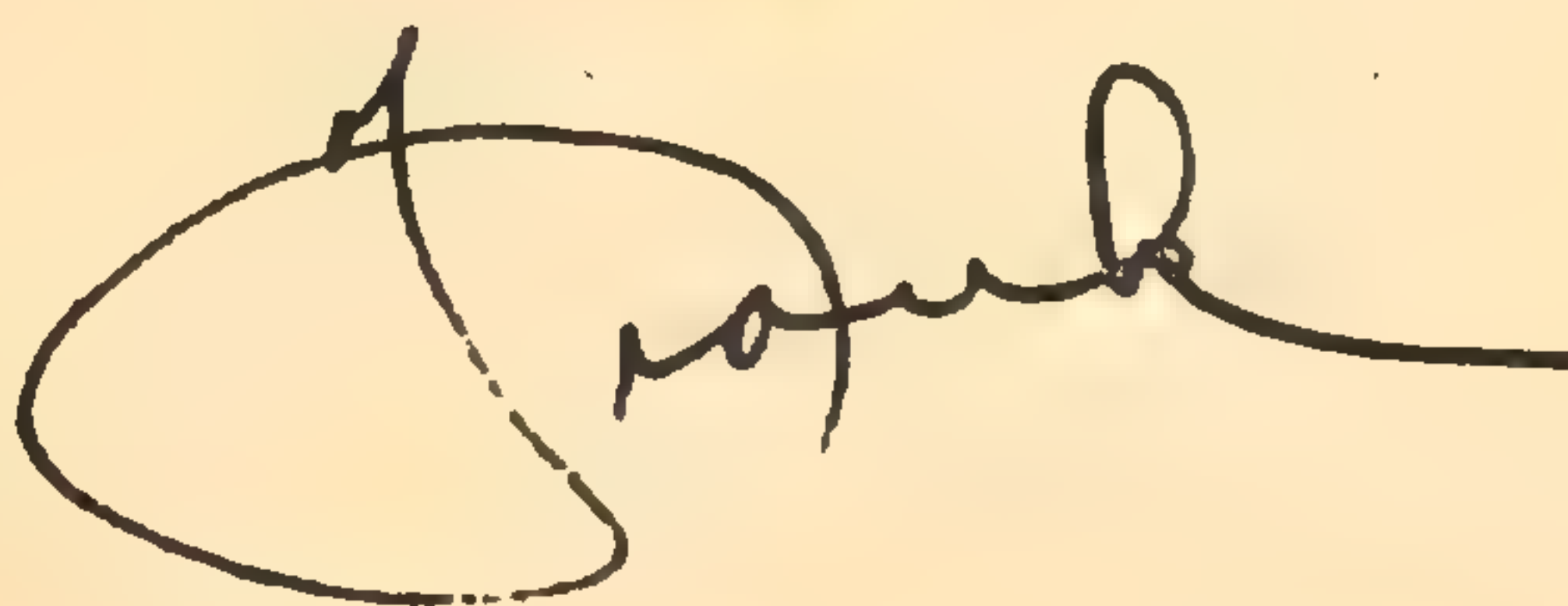
Under a hectic schedule, I don't usually have time to keep track of fan magazine stories. This situation may have to change.

Fortunately, someone brought the Screenland story, "The Plot Against Frank Sinatra" to my attention.

During my career many nice things have been said about me talent wise and other directions. This is the first time I have ever been defended so completely and honestly - in almost a spiritual sense.

Sincere thanks is the roughest thing in the world to paraphrase. Please accept mine as it is meant.

Sincerely



FS:gl

* "THE PLOT AGAINST FRANK SINATRA"
appeared exclusively in the May issue of SCREENLAND



From T-Shirt to Bow Tie

A changed Brando is with us and, from appearances, he is here to stay, much to the delight of fans who've made him their new idol

By FRANK DEGAN

NOT LONG ago, on a date of major importance to Hollywood, and even of some minor consequence to the United States of America, Marlon Brando appeared in public wearing a bow tie. The occasion was the dispensing of Academy Awards, and the television audience was considerable.

Brando, in fact, was in dinner dress. And besides, he addressed the television onlookers via a lobby master of ceremonies, mumbling conventionally that he didn't know about getting an Oscar, yet, for his memorable performance "On The Waterfront" but he was certainly glad to be here.

The moment in its way was historic, disclosing as it did that there really was a Marlon Brando and that he was a lean-shaven, not terribly extraordinary young man whose upper lip tended to overlap his lower and whose diction was plain enough.

Till then, there had been a suspicion that the person on the picture screen was a triumph of sleight-of-hand, foisting on the public by mirrors a presentable edition of a myth, the myth being of course a shambling, truculent figure in blue jeans and a T-shirt.

Actually, the transition should not have been too surprising. Some months earlier, Brando had turned up in New York with a fiancée named Josianne Mariani, a quiet French girl he



HISTORIC moment in the Hollywood scheme of things was the emergence of the new Marlon Brando at the Academy Awards.

fully intended at last notice to wed, and here again he had been adequately, if not conservatively, clothed. The Ivy League, that is, would not have spotted him for one of theirs. But the necktie was present, all right, and the ensemble was topped by a Homburg hat either Parisian or bucolic—it was hard to say.

Also, Brando discoursed at that time in a civilized manner and evidently did not regard himself as outrageously badgered by public curiosity.

So a point had to be raised. And it was raised—emphatically. Was this relatively conservative fellow a *new* Brando? Was the maverick beginning to come to terms with society?

continued on page 17



HORSING around between scenes of "Désirée," with Jimmy Dean and other members of the cast, is further evidence of the change in Marlon

a far cry from his former self

The answer, with final returns not yet in, seemed in late spring to be at once, yes and no.

There was a different Brando, the product of a psychiatrist's ministrations. To a certain extent, he had turned—or been turned—outward, away from himself. At the same time, he is gradually becoming aware of a certain debt to society, of which hitherto he had claimed bitter independence.

But the core of the individualist was undamaged; unaltered, if you wish.

It is doubtful, for example, that the changed Brando would affront interviewers for asking mildly personal questions. He might even answer the questions provided they were not invasive. But he still wouldn't like them and he still wouldn't wholly acknowledge the questioner's right to ask.

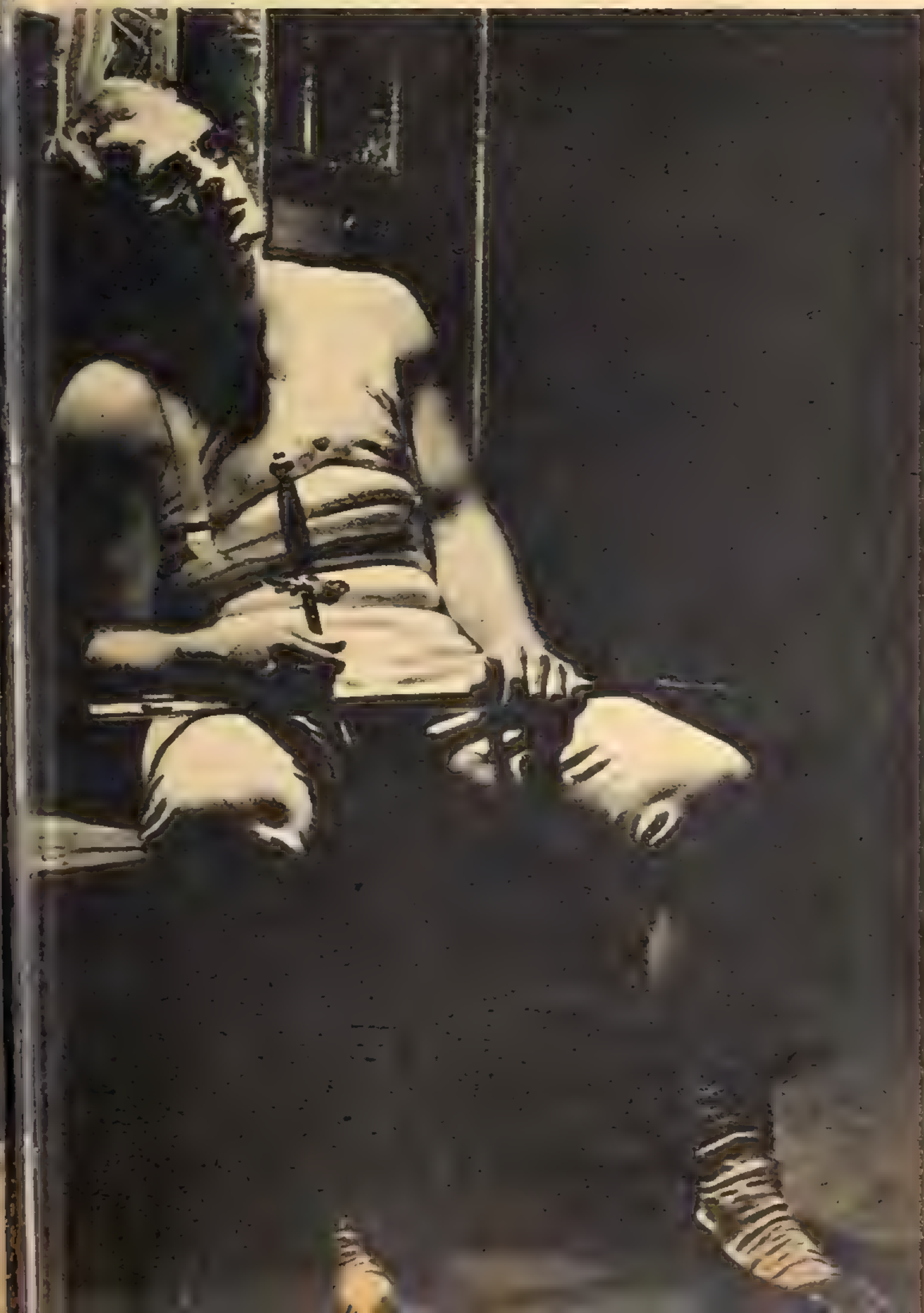
Brando cannot or will not acquiesce to a widely held professional theory that when an actor accepts stardom, he waives privacy to a great degree. Whether he's right or wrong, is subject to unlimited debate.

THE changed Brando, however, is indeed with us. He was manifest in New York and on that night of the Oscars, and very much so on the movie lots whence he makes the bulk of his living.

As a matter of fact, Brando at work is a gay and uninhibited man whose constraints fall away when he is with those whose special knowledge and attributes he understands—because they are his own.

Thus while he was making "Désirée" on the 20th Century-Fox lot, it was his pleasure to horse around between scenes, and visitors at last became accustomed to the peculiar spectacle of

REMINISCENT of the old Brando is this napping Napoleon, but when visitors come on the set, Marlon now whips into gray flannels.



A PERFECTIONIST, Marlon listens attentively to instructions during rehearsal for dance sequence with co-star Jean Simmons.

the Emperor Napoleon pitching a football around with various of his screen lackeys.

Then again, Brando is fond of a skunk hand puppet he owns, or used to own. (He is likewise fond of skunks or any other creature of the animal kingdom.) A skunk hand puppet, if the definition eludes you, is a life-like replica of a skunk made up so that it may be maneuvered with the fingers in such a way that you are harrowed by the probability that Brando is about to reward you with a skunk. An unpleasant probability, particularly to women. Brando was greatly pleased with the device.

There is in addition these days a naive Brando, by Hollywood standards. When he first turned up in filmland with Mademoiselle Mariani and was quizzed by a studio publicist with regard to his marital plans, he replied: "I don't want to talk to the press about it." Then he went on, almost as an afterthought, "Oh, but I'll tell you about it. Don't think I'm being a Garbo."

"If," answered the startled publicist, "you don't want the

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The re-vamped Brando, like the original, still prefers the stage to pictures, but he no longer holds them in disdain

press to know, then don't tell *me*. I'd be strictly unreliable."

So Brando didn't.

It is generally thought, though, that Brando, who recently told a friend, "You're lucky with your wife and children; that's for me, too!", will marry Mademoiselle Mariani—and in very short order, too.

Not much is left of the bop Brando with the bop vocabulary and the moody, sometimes snarling reticence. He is even taking up some reefs in his conviction that animals are measurably superior to humans. He still likes animals, and is said to mourn a bit over having forsaken his raccoon, Russel, but he likes some people as well.

Mademoiselle Mariani, for one. New York friends such as Phil Rhodes (his make-up man in Hollywood), Sam Gilman, and others. With Rhodes, Gilman, and two additional companions, he lives in fraternity house fashion in Beverly Hills, Benedict Canyon, a rented place that wears habitually a disheveled air, as of a perennial morning after. Brando likes to work out on the drums, as viewers of Ed Murrow's Person-to-Person TV show know by now, and he's got a playroom there in which to do it.

(Belatedly, on the other hand, it should be inserted here that there are none of the usual mornings after for Brando. He doesn't drink. Doesn't like it.)

THE changed, and still changing, Brando presents yet another facet. He tidies up now for interviews conducted on the set. He continues to prefer jeans for relaxation (as do many persons not scored for the circumstance), but has instructed his publicists to warn him in advance when any press callers are expected at the studio. These he will then meet in gray flannels.

But he has expressed public indignation, in other of his rare TV appearances, over that special segment of the press that concerns itself exclusively with skeletons in personal closets. On that point, Brando has professed himself helpless to deny what he says is not so, and charges magazine libel laws with laxity. Nor is he the only one.

In some respects, the re-tailoring of Brando's exterior personality has been so vivid as to move a newsman (Vernon Scott of the United Press) to observe recently:

"No wonder Hollywood doesn't like him. He's so completely normal."

The words "Hollywood doesn't like him" are undocumented however; an opinion.

Brando said something once that may be revealing of his attitude toward celebrity as a state of being. He said: "Celebrity is irrelevant. If you truly want to act—or write or throw a javelin or whatever it is you want to do—you may become in the process a celebrity. It's incidental. But if what you want is to become a celebrity as such, you probably won't

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WITH the bow tie came a more affable personality, as these candid camera shots of the new Marlon show.



MORABLE performance given by Marlon in "On The Waterfront" won for him Hollywood's highest honor. He's now in "Guys And Dolls."



MARLON'S taken in a few reefs in his conviction that animals are superior to humans. He still likes animals but he now likes people, too.

Brando and the moody reticence



ONE thing Marlon cannot acquiesce in is the theory that when an actor accepts stardom, he waives privacy to a great degree.

It's an inane and poor ambition anyway. It's not even an ambition. It's a daydream."

At another time, informed that an exceptionally attractive woman reporter was waiting to see him, he exclaimed:

"Quick, where's my Liberace wig?" So perhaps, with full good humor, he does not disdain celebrity wholly—only its method of attainment.

THE re-vamped Brando, like the original model, goes on preferring the stage to pictures, but has forsaken his once openly expressed contempt for films. "On The Waterfront" had a lot to do with that, and he's happy over the more current "Guys And Dolls." "Medium-schedium," he says now. "So long as it's good." He does not disdain the movies' money either—which is the attitude of a sensible, well-adjusted man.

To put it in starkly simple terms, too simple really, Brando underwent psychiatry because he was miserable; blackly so. From the analyst, he finally found out why—self-absorption is supposed to have been part of it—and now he's better and happier. "I'm lucky," he once remarked. "I had the guts to go, to realize something was wrong and turn it over to the doctor. It's the luckiest thing I've done yet."

For diversion, Brando's a beach lover, his biggest single deal there manning a surfboard with a sail. He's a good swimmer and horseman, and he's played some football. Children and animals are instantly attracted to him, and he is to them. His principal beef *de profession*, as partially noted,



IT is generally thought that Marlon will wed Josianne Mariani and soon, but if he has any marital plans, he won't discuss them.

is magazine and other pieces that get him "wrong." His feelings: "They seem either to want to deify me or make me a monster. No middle ground. And I'm like most other people. I'm in the middle."

The pre-analysis Brando once greeted a woman writer in New York (in Hollywood, it would have meant nothing), clad only in swim trunks. The post-graduate Marlon wouldn't dream of doing such a thing, not even in Hollywood. And so on and on the re-tailoring goes—for the better in every way, most think.

And that brings us to a summary point. Not too far back, Brando would not have cared what Most Think. Today he does. He's glad that Most are in his corner.

The pre-analysis Brandos and present day James Deans to the contrary, it appears best that man, however separate and talented, integrate himself with society. As a rule, it pays off. And so Brando is discovering. Wears neckties and hats, speaks when spoken to, and even at times blends gracefully into his background. Jeans and T-shirts are not gone, but they're in the closet.

Further improvement, if "improvement" is not in this case a haughty and arrogant word, is to be expected. By press time, the man may actually be posing for publicity pictures with chimps and writing by-line magazine articles on the subject of faith and fidelity, though this may be a little too much to count on.

Meanwhile, the millions of his supporters are increasingly happy as their idol becomes so himself.

END

ARLENE AND FERNANDO:

Two for the Show

**Their marriage a wonderful success,
Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas now combine careers
by co-starring on the stage in "Liliom"**

OPENING NIGHT finds Fernando and Arlene serious and just a bit nervous as they prepare for their debut.





ON-STAGE at the Sombrero Theatre in Phoenix, Arlene and Fernando regain their confidence as they do a gay scene in "Liliom."
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ARLENE AND FERNANDO continued

FERNANDO in the role of the young
French bouncer in the Ferenc Molnar play.



HUSBANDLY role is nicely handled by Fernando in their dressing room after the final curtain has rung down and they begin to relax.

Love and hard work
go hand in hand as the
romantic Lamas and
his beautiful Dahl
debut as a tandem

OFF-STAGE, Arlene reverts to being a wife to Fernando, whose latest picture is "The Girl Rush."





A DIET of laughter is one recipe
for the Powells' healthy marriage.

By **DICK POWELL:**

“My 10 years with June Allyson”



DREAMY June and Dick enjoy a dance. "It's the kind of marriage so real you can taste it and so natural you never give it a thought."

**We've romped through our first decade with so much
rollicking give-and-take, I don't know where the time has gone"**

LIKE any happily, healthily married couple that has nothing to hide either from each other or from a morbidly curious outside world, June and I are not past having an occasional scrap. But rack my brains though I may, I can't seem to recall a time anything profound has ever been troubled by one of our disagreements. Yet both of us, on those rare instances we pause long enough in our full life to get nostalgic, remember our brannigans with profound tenderness and outlandish laughter. Among other very cherished things, ten years with June Allyson have provided one delightful domestic Donnybrook after another. As a result, we have romped through a decade of marriage with such a high content of laughter and hilarity, of rollicking give-and-take, that help me, I don't know where those wonderful ten years have gone.

It's not the extraordinary events that determine what kind of marriage you have. It's the ordinary things. And the test is whether you can live with the ordinary things in life without letting them become ordinary to you. Fortunately in our life

the ordinary things invariably are tinged with the screwball.

Take a simple thing like a gun. Now there's no reason in the world for anyone to be intimidated by a well-behaved gun that is pointed in the proper direction—away from you. But June has never been able to let this simple fact soak in. She's not *afraid* of guns; she's just *petrified* of them. And she doesn't care who knows it. You couldn't get her to shoot a gun if her life—or yours, for that matter—depended on it. Although I always keep guns around the house, I appease June by showing her they're not loaded, and on that basis she's willing to co-exist with them. But the other day, with the rattlesnake season arriving in our rustic neck of the woods, my daughter Ellen put in a call for some shotgun shells, and June happened to overhear her. June got dressed in ten seconds flat, got hold of me in five seconds flat, and laid down the law.

"I forbid a loaded gun in this house," she said. "I forbid it!"

Dissolve to two nights later. We're suddenly awakened from a sound sleep by a terrible racket downstairs. June opens her eyes, and whispers to me in a trembling voice, "You bet-

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Home and kids come first— “There couldn’t be a happier family in the business”

ter go downstairs and see what that commotion is about.”

I’m pretty sleepy—and, confidentially, pretty scared—myself, and I groan, “What? Without a gun?”

“Oh,” June says, and quietly buries herself under the covers. Fadeout.

But at the risk of being anti-climactic, I have to admit I’m not at all sure I taught Junie a lesson. That’s what I meant when I said that most of our bouts are no-decision affairs. I wouldn’t like June to get wind of this, but frankly, I wouldn’t have gone downstairs with a *loaded* gun. Let ’em take whatever they want!

For June and me, the first ten years were merely a warmup. As far as I know, there couldn’t be a happier family in the business. You couldn’t blast me away from June, and you couldn’t blast her away from me. I’m sure nothing ever will

RICKY gives Mom a great big good morning. The Powells know that “the little things fill your life with contentment and meaning.”



BRAIDS are a knotty problem to Pamela, but June untangles them.



YOUNG explorer, Ricky tries to explain his game to puzzled June.

happen to us, unless the whole chemical content of our brains goes out of whack.

I’m even getting the jewelry to prove it. A couple of weeks ago—well in advance of our tenth anniversary date—I found myself in Ruser’s Jewelry Store in Beverly Hills, having our wedding bands brought up to date. When June and I got married, I gave her a wedding ring with diamonds half-way around it. On our fifth anniversary, I gave her another band half-circled with diamonds. To celebrate our tenth anniversary, I’m having them put diamonds all the way around Junie’s two rings. She, in turn, is having the back halves of the rings (the halves without the diamonds) made into a separate wedding ring—for me! She’s finally got me branded.

Without a doubt, with my TV series, my acting, directing and producing, my independent company with June, “Pamrick,” and my direction of June in the musical remake of “It Happened One Night,” I’m more productive than I’ve ever been. And a man is not productive in a vacuum. A man can function at work only to the extent that his marriage is functioning.



URT, Ricky seeks comfort from Mom, who always has a big surplus of affection. Says Dick, "I don't know anyone Junie doesn't love or like."

That little success I've had the past few years, I really feel owe to June.

I don't know of any couple in this town who totally escapes the scourge of the unfounded rumor, and naturally we're no exceptions, nor are we foolish enough to expect that we would. Now June happens to be a very affectionate, warm, human being, which happens to be one of the reasons I'm so fond of her. She really loves everybody. I don't know anybody who doesn't love or like. She'll walk into a room and think of throwing her arms around nearly everybody she bumps into. That's the way she is, and she never dreams that lookers who don't know her are apt to believe implicitly what they see, and are apt to read fantastic meaning into it.

LOOK at that silly rhubarb in which she recently was involved through absolutely no fault of her own. Naturally I don't meddle in other people's lives any more than I'd want them to meddle in mine, but I understand the Alan Ladds are working out some personal problem. So when the little

fuss between Alan and Sue Carol got into the papers, the columnists somehow linked June into that. And she had no more to do with that, for heaven's sake, than you did. Unfortunately for the gossip-mongers but fortunately for her career, she happened to be making a picture with Alan at the time, and it was easy for people to allow their imaginations to take them over the deep end.

That, incidentally, is one thing we did *not* fight about, and the kind of thing we *never* fight about. Junie and I don't have to resort to anything as shabby as jealousy or lack of trust in one another to find a reason to put on the gloves. We find it more fun to keep our skirmishes in the family.

If I may paraphrase myself without getting too sticky about it, if ever a man was happier with his lot in marriage than I, I don't know who it is. You know the kind of marriage we have? I don't know how the psychologists would describe it, but it's so real you can taste it, and so natural you never give it a thought. But it's always with you, filling your life with contentment, meaning and direction. Take those little things I

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Warm-hearted, home-loving June gives new proof of her dramatic ability in a completely unexpected role

mentioned. They're always the barometers. And take them any old day. Yesterday, for instance.

June took the kids to the circus, and where did the whole kit and kaboodle wind up? In my office at 5:30 p.m., loaded down with balloons, turtles, chameleons and what not, and loaded down with the laughter and enthusiasm that come from a happily shared experience.

While there's no girl like June, she's also typically feminine, if you know what I mean. She'll say, "You better get dressed in a hurry, Richard, because I'm going to be late!"

I yield to this peculiar logic, and stew as I wait for her to materialize. Then the next time, I'm determined to teach her a thing or two, and make *her* wait a half hour. I'm all set for her to blow a fuse, but she doesn't say a word.

Aside from the matter of getting into evening harness in time, things get merry on other fronts when a dinner date is imminent. The other day Agnes Moorehead, a dear friend of ours, was over at the house, and June blithely asked her to join us for dinner.

"But dear," I pointed out, knowing Aggie would understand, "you've got one dinner date now. Don't confuse Aggie."

By nightfall, June had piled up three dinner dates. But as usual, she euchred me to the point where I had to bail her out. "You better call 'em, Richard," she said.

Let me give you another sample of the kind of thing that goes on at my house. The other night when we got home from a late dinner at the Beachcombers, I went downstairs to install another part on a radio I'm building. Pretty soon June came running down in her pajamas, yelling. "Richard! What are you doing?"

"Fixing the radio," I called back.

"Darned," she laughed, "if you're not the craziest idiot I've ever seen in my life."

And back she went upstairs.

You see, June hates to be alone, although I like to be by myself once in a while. She's always hunting me down when I'm not at her side.

BEFORE June became my wife, she had always lived in an apartment. So when we moved into a house, I had to take charge of furnishing it, getting the cook, everything. Now, after ten years, June not only knows what to do about a house and runs it without a hitch, but she takes a darned sight better care of it than I ever did.

June has blossomed out in other ways, too, during my years with her. When we first got married, she was so darned shy that when I'd take her to a cocktail party, she'd hold on to my hand all the time. I couldn't leave the room without her.

"THE SHRIKE": June's gripping performance in the off-beat part of a wife who tries to destroy her husband, Jose Ferrer, will amaze you.





ORDINARY things in our house are always tinged with the screwball." June enjoys one of the children's books as she completes a full day.

Now she's so gregarious, I tell her she didn't get that hoarse voice singing, but from talking too much.

I honestly think June was scared to death of me the first months of our marriage. You can appreciate the psychology of it. She was just starting in pictures, and all of a sudden, she woke up and said to herself, "Gee, I'm married to a movie star!" I guess it took her a while to realize that I was her husband, not a guy she used to see in pictures. She was a very naive girl those days.

In those early days, she also was a little careless about a car. I'll never forget the day she came home with a new car suit and excitedly tried it on for me.

"It's beautiful, honey," I said. "How much is it?"

"I don't know," she confessed.

"What do you mean, you don't know?" I wanted to know. "I didn't ask," she blurted out.

But she learned her lesson. She's become very thrifty in a car. I'm sure she spends less money on clothes than any actress in the business.

I don't want to recite all June's virtues here. It might go to her head. But June's really a remarkable girl. And character is something she's got plenty of. June can be very helpless around me, but when trouble comes—like when I nearly died of a burst appendix a couple of years ago—she can take charge in two seconds.

When I get ill, she mothers me and nurses me like I was three years old. We had our first vacation together in five years at Sun Valley, so what do I do but fracture my shoulder on the fourth day!

I was pretty annoyed with myself at first, but I've been getting so much attention from June that I told her I was going to break the darn thing all over again. She drives the car for me. She fixes my ties. I couldn't get in the shower, so she gave me sponge baths. Everytime I open my eyes at night, she's looking at me.

There's one thing I know for sure after my ten years with June Allyson:

They don't hardly make them that way no more!

END

GLENN FORD:

He's Got All His Moxie

Did Glenn fold up like a wet Kleenex after a coupla so-so movies? Shucks no, he's back with a boom

By JOHN MAYNARD



MRS. FORD, the lady of the house, was, of course, Eleanor Powell until Glenn asked her how she felt about his last name.

HISTORY WENT into a quiet nip-up in Culver City, California, recently. Or fairly recently. It was an afternoon in mid-spring, and Glenn Ford, who, after a long period of semi-freelancing, was settling down at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a bit of a fixture, bethought himself of something.

He bethought himself that it was twenty years ago that very day that he had first reported to MGM.

Well, no, that isn't quite accurate. More properly, it was twenty years ago that day that he reported to MGM the fact of his existence. He went up to a man and said he was Glenn Ford and would as soon go to work as an actor. The man (or MGM) replied that it was a laudable ambition and that no doubt some other studio would applaud it. But MGM—no. Ford, MGM advised their downcast applicant, was a character juvenile. This means roughly a leading man who looks a little as though his face might have been stepped on at one time or another. MGM that year was going more for Robert Taylor types. As a matter of fact, they were going for Robert Taylor. Clark Gable, too, as usual. Ford said thank you and took his face and went away. Twenty years ago last April.

Today MGM has a bit going about the 1955 Ford. It's complicated, but has something to do with three new parts: power steering, automatic acceleration and a butch haircut. The new Ford, you understand? It is a joke.

But at the same time, it is not a joke. It is a fact. It is not as though Glenn Ford were slipping or anything,

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GLENN FORD continued

For this man, home



THIS is how Glenn appears to his bedroom mirror when knotting his tie.

and family are the centers of gravity around which he revolves

when he got aboard MGM. On the contrary, he was still about the busiest actor in the business. But it would be difficult to say that he was gaining any professional stature. He was merely, as before, prosperous, famed and successful. A dreadful rut, a hopeless squirrel-cage.

Then there came along this role in "Interrupted Melody." Most of his friends and counsellors advised him not to take it. It was the woman's picture for one thing, the story of brave, polio-afflicted Marjorie Lawrence. The male lead had to be subsidiary. But it was a good part all the same. Gummy part. So Ford overruled his board of directors and played it.

It was the smartest move he's made since he asked Eleanor Powell how she felt about his last name.

Next on his MGM agenda was "The Blackboard Jungle." "Interrupted Melody" had fiber to it, but beside "Blackboard Jungle" it was a care-free cream-puff of a picture. "Blackboard Jungle," an unabashed study of delinquency, sent strong men scurrying up the aisles for a quick one and induced at least one Hollywood columnist to shrill that it should never have been made. She apparently had in mind its reception at the Lyricovska in Moscow. Ford's powerful role was that of the mitigating influence in a classroom of youthful thugs, and he made the most of it.

In fact, he made so much of it that he was promptly tapped for the top spot in "Trial", a film so definitely opposed to Communist skulduggery that it may pacify the lady columnist. It is Ford's third major consecutive opus, which is what MGM means by that three new parts business in the automotive analogy.

He was working on "Trial" the day he came up with his realization of that twentieth anniversary. (To disclose the framework of "Trial" would scarcely be cricket, but you can bet your bank balance that at least one scene will have Ford and Dorothy McGuire seeing Arthur Kennedy and Katy Jurado off at an airport. And if Ford does not call across the barrier at Kennedy, "Hey, where'd you leave that key to the beachhouse?", it will be a crying shame. They shot it eight times. It's in Miss McGuire's purse, by the way. The key.)

Anyway, Ford and friends went to lunch thereafter, and all the foregoing came out. So did a large part of Ford's feeling toward this newest phase of his long and solid career.

NOW there are certain conventional reflexes generated in stars who have seen dizzying up-turns in their screen fortunes. It seems as a rule that they have been in deep despair, that they have prayed, and that they have been about to float away into limbo when Providence (divine) stepped in and rapped them briskly across the pate with its wand.

This is not true, however, of Ford, as we shall presently see.

In the first place, he was not in despair, not even shallow, and positively not deep.

"I could tell it that way," he said not long ago. "Wouldn't make a bad story, I suppose. But it wouldn't be true either. And it wouldn't even make sense to anybody who thought about it, because look, suppose I had been in despair, which is a fancy word for feeling like a whipped dog. Have you ever seen a person in despair who had all his moxie? Could he write as well or do business as well or act as well as he could when he felt okay? I don't think so and I'll tell you why. A guy who's in the dumps, not only does he show it in whatever he does but his confidence is impaired. And when you've lost that, you're really on the slides.



SPOT of tea on a lazy afternoon at home is poured by Ellie. Glenn's grateful for every moment he can "steal" from his busy work schedule.



SON Peter is a strapping young man of 11 and sometimes Dad comes out second best in a friendly rasslin' match held in Peter's bedroom.

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"Acting is my business. So every part isn't Hamlet, what right do I have to cry?"

"Maybe I wasn't on top of the world for a while there. Okay, *sure* I wasn't. But I wasn't gloomy. And don't make it sound like the stiff upper lip story, because that would be phony, too. There was no need for a stiff upper lip. I felt okay.

"I'm an actor. It's my business. It's a very good business. It pays pretty well—in every way. So every part's not Hamlet, what right do I have to cry? Or fold up like a piece of wet Kleenex? And if I had folded, where would I have been? Not over here having lunch today, I imagine.

"You know what I mean? As a despondent person, I couldn't have measured up to the chances I got.

"There are real and terrible and valid reasons to be despondent, but having to star in a couple of so-so motion pictures isn't one of them. And if I said it was, I'd expect the people with *real* troubles to organize posses and come after me with sticks. No, the point is just to keep pitching. That doesn't make you break. It just doesn't give you time to feel bad or even think about it. Then sooner or later, something comes along."

Ford, nevertheless, had a momentary sinking feeling after completion of "Blackboard Jungle." Called back to a prior



WESTERN roles don't faze our gun-toting Mr. Ford a bit. He



studio of his for a one-film commitment, he was handed a script and, opening it somewhat at random, came across this:

A couple of Marines, one of whom was slated to be himself, are walking down the Ginza in Tokyo, occupied Tokyo presumably, when one of them (our hero) says to the other:

"If any of these guys yells, 'Banzai!', I'm going to take off like a pinwheel!"

Somehow Ford never found out what the other said. His eye froze and locked, and the next thing he knew he was in the producer's office declining the film.

Then "Trial" turned up.

Ford's distaste for the film he wouldn't do probably was founded on something other than artistic disapproval. He was a Marine himself in World War II, and for a good long time. He doesn't speak of it, but it's true. As a matter of fact, he does not often speak of being an "actor" either. For some reason he shies away from the term. "There's something about it," he has mumbled vaguely.

Thus thirteen years ago, when the Marine recruitment office asked him his occupation, he replied rather to his own surprise that he was a stamp-collector. The ensuing question had to do with his salary. He gave it; there was no way out.

"TRIAL": Glenn's latest movie for MGM co-stars Dorothy McGuire. It's based on a prize-winning novel.



has a completely professional attitude towards his work, and does not insist that every part be "Hamlet." "It pays pretty well," he explains.

The recruiting Marine did quite a take. "Buddy," he said reverently, "this is a market you must have cornered."

Glenn (actually Gwyllyn) Ford, of Welsh extraction, was born in Quebec thirty-some years ago, the son of a railway executive and the nephew of a one-time prime minister of Canada, Sir John McDonald by name. But Ford was raised for the most part—since the age of eight—in Santa Monica, California, which is nearer MGM than it is Quebec.

AFTER the customary session with the stage, he broke into pictures in 1939 with a quite audible crack, became solid before he left for the Marines, and continued onward and upward thereafter.

He is still a "character juvenile" (he is said once to have described himself as resembling a bullfrog after a trip through a vise), still plays the discerning poker he exhibited in young manhood, still declines the offscreen role of star, and still refuses to get ruffled over the minor occupational hazards of his profession.

The big change in him is exterior. He is coming into the full flowering of his screen growth. The parlay of "Interrupted Melody" to "Blackboard Jungle" to "Trial" has no equal in the year 1955. It is almost incredible. And it certainly could not have been achieved if Ford had not grown inwardly in his polished, unobtrusive talents to meet it.

He used to find gossip intolerable, especially that concern-

ing him and his family. Now he is so utterly noncommittal about what he has come to regard as an inevitable venting of ignorance or malice that some believe he has forgotten it exists.

But his family never ceases to absorb him, and it delights him to remember that before her retirement a few years ago, Eleanor Powell Ford was MGM's dancing golden girl. Now, with Mrs. Ford partially back in business as television's charming dispenser of a Sunday religious program, Ford is bemused to note that he is carrying on for the family at the old shop.

The Ford's son, Peter Newton, is eleven now.

The '55 Fords, precisely like the earlier models, live in Beverly Hills north of Sunset—estate country up there—in a home his official biography correctly describes as "comfortable," where they read and swim and ride and stay away from night clubs and other superfluous watering places.

But something new has been added all right, and that's Glenn's haircut. He is really cropped, first for "Jungle" and now he'll carry it through "Trial," and possibly on and on indefinitely.

But crew cut or not, one thing is certain—there's not a single actor—pardon, player—on the 1955 Hollywood scene who can equal the dazzling forward surge of filmdom's man of the year. With returns in and counted for the first six months, MGM sure as shootin' can brag of Ford's getaway. **END**



Rita Hayworth:



CONTINUING the pattern of her life, Rita today relies on Dick Haymes to guide her in every move.

S SHE A

Real-Life Trilby?

By **RUSS NEWTON**

**Always Rita Hayworth
has let the men
in her life dominate
her—that's the
way she wants it. But
is this course wise?**

HOLLYWOOD blinked and wondered. One of its most glamorous daughters, Rita Hayworth, was back in the film capital, and she seemed to be a different woman.

Unlike her previous stormy marriages, her present one to Dick Haymes seemed to be idyllic. They seemed to be very much in love, and folks said this romantic contentment had brought a change in Rita. She was not the tempestuous, unpredictable girl whose life had been spread in headlines around the world.

Rita, who had lived in chateaux and palaces while married to Aly Khan, moved into a relatively modest apartment with Dick. It was in one of those modern buildings that have towered up on Wilshire Boulevard in West Los Angeles. The place had only one bedroom and when Rita's daughters, Rebecca and Yasmin, came to visit them from the Haymes' legal home in Nevada during the Easter holiday, another apartment next door had to be rented.

Rita had long been stand-offish with newspapermen. But shortly after she arrived in Hollywood, her studio called a press conference. Rita and Dick appeared, greeted reporters and answered questions about their activities. Both seemed confident and happy, despite the many troubles Dick had been having.

Rita had long been having wrangles with Columbia over contract matters. But she seemed to be satisfied with the new deal, under which she agreed to make two films for Columbia. She expressed approval of her first film, "Joseph And His Brethren," and the noted playwright, Clifford Odets, had been hired to polish up the final script. In the meantime, production details were being

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NO. 1. Ed Judson wed Rita when she was 18, made her a star.



NO. 2. Culture was the big thing while married to Orson Welles.

NOS. 3 AND 4. Rita gave up her career to take part in Aly Khan's social life. Dick Haymes is currently the man Rita leans on



Rita—the actress and woman—

arranged and everything pointed to a new and happy Rita. Then the bomb fell.

Rita notified the studio that she considered the contract to be broken. Shooting on the film had been delayed because of failure to cast a Joseph in the leading role. That delay wasn't according to her contract, she declared.

Her lawyer explained: "Rita is obligated to take her daughter Yasmin to Europe to fulfill visitation rights of her former husband, Prince Aly Kahn, and she feels that the picture's delay in shooting will not allow her time to get away."

The studio bosses were flabbergasted. Rita's ultimatum came just four days before the picture was to begin. "Joseph And His Brethren" was one of the most expensive films in the studio's history and a delay would be costly.

"There's no question that Rita would be able to keep the European date," an official remarked. "A large part of the picture has already been filmed in Israel. Rita would be through well before the end of June."

But Rita was not having any. Her lawyers filed in Federal Court to have her Columbia contract voided because the picture didn't start on time. And what's more, she wanted to be paid the full \$150,000 she would have gotten for making it.

THE stage was set for legalistic fireworks. Only time will tell who will be the winner. But observers felt that the studio had the advantage, as far as time was concerned. Columbia, embittered by Rita's behavior, would doubtless carry the fight to the limit.

By the time you read this, the legal question may be settled by the two parties. But the whole hassle settled for Hollywood the question of whether Rita had really changed. The answer was NO.

Some insiders believe that Rita herself is not the cause of the split. They would lay the blame at the feet of her husband, mellow-voiced Dick Haymes. But even that would prove that Rita has not changed from the pattern that has dominated her life—her reliance on the men in her life.

As a girl, Rita never had to make decisions for herself. She was brought up in the strict Spanish tradition of her father and was taught to obey what she was told. When she was 14, she was dancing with her father in night clubs, but she was well protected from the dangers of show business life. Dates were practically non-existent and she seldom talked to men.

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was molded by four mates who guided her career-wise and socially



One of the most glamorous and exciting stars, Rita's career now hangs in the balance due, it is rumored, to Dick's influence.



MOST serious of Rita's early romances was Victor Mature, but the war and Orson Welles came along and he won her.

ANOTHER man Rita was seen around the Hollywood night spots with was singer Tony Martin, but nothing came of that.



Between marriages and raising a family, lovely Rita had a fling at dating

Papa Cansino decided everything for her in those early days.

Then Ed Judson came along. He was a smoothie who knew a good thing when he saw it—meaning Rita. He wooed and won her in record time, though he was many years her senior. Despite the protests of the Cansinos, they were married. Rita was only 18.

Now it was the mature and knowing Judson who decided matters for Rita. He planned her career as shrewdly as any oil promotion he might have maneuvered. His guidance paid off. She rose from a bit player to one of Hollywood's most exciting stars. But as little real love existed between Rita and Judson, their marriage eventually was dissolved.

Rita wasn't single for long. She had a fling at dating, especially with Vic Mature. But Vic went away to war, and she needed another mastermind. By an odd bit of casting, it turned out to be Orson Welles.

They had met while Welles was putting on his magic show for Servicemen in Hollywood. The courtship was rapid. Folks wondered what she saw in the bulky, conceited boy genius.

The answer was simple. Rita was tired of being the love goddess of Hollywood films. She wanted to be known as an actress. At that time Welles was being hailed as a wonder man of the drama. She succumbed to his overwhelming intellect.

No deep thinker, Rita was impressed with Welles' knowledge. She tried to follow his prescriptions for cultural improvement and made some progress. She even submitted her



RITA also had some dates with Cary Grant. She was not then the tempestuous, unpredictable girl who made headlines all over the world.



OTHERHOOD helped Rita mature and she accepted its responsibilities with ease, but it did not alter her basic submissive nature.

ents to a film written, directed, produced and co-starring massive husband. At his insistence, she dyed her hair blonde for "The Lady From Shanghai." It was a flop.

Eventually, Rita came to the conclusion that Welles would never be in love with anyone but himself. She jettisoned him. The courtship, marriage, separation and divorce of husband No. 3, Aly Kahn, is too familiar to bear repetition here. But it shows how completely Rita falls under the sway of a man. After she married him, he cared nothing for her career, so she neglected it. She carefully followed his tutelage in how to behave in the creamiest of the cream of society.

It's possible that she never would have returned to her acting career, except for one important factor: a woman's pride. She refused to share him with other women. Since he was unable to change his Continental ways, she took a walk. Husband No. 1 gave her business acumen.

Husband No. 2 contributed to her intellect.

Husband No. 3 improved her socially.

What can husband No. 4 offer? That's a good question. So far Dick Haymes has brought little, unfortunately, but

problems to their marriage. When he married Rita, he was faced with a deportation order because he was an alien and had left the continental United States and re-entered without a permit. (This was his famous trip to visit Rita while she was making "Miss Sadie Thompson" in Hawaii.)

His financial matters were in a turmoil, complicated by arrears in alimony and support payments, income taxes and various other items.

Once he tried to explain how he got into such a hole. It was plain "stupid," he admitted.

"It's a snowball going down hill," he said. "The more money you earn, the more money you owe. That's the simple truth."

This is the man who is now guiding Rita's life. There are many in Hollywood who are sure he is behind Rita's walkout on "Joseph And His Brethren." Those who have observed the couple closely agree.

"It's the same way with the other three husbands," a close friend remarked. "Whatever Dick says, Rita does. That has always been the way; Rita has always wanted her man to do the thinking for her."

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HER beauty, glamour and sex appeal come to the fore as Rita, left, with friend Evelyn Keyes, climbed the ladder to Hollywood success.

On her way to stardom Rita became the darling of millions of fans

IN her young career days, Rita would even go on publicity junkets.



Another intimate confirmed this. "Dick came to all the important conferences on 'Joseph And His Brethren,'" he remarked. "Before Rita would make a decision, she would look to Dick for his opinion.

"It got so she relied on him for even the most minor decisions. Once I asked her if she wanted a Coke. She said she didn't think so. Then I asked Dick. He said okay and added, 'Why don't you have one, too, Rita?' She did!"

THOSE who attended their press conference noticed the same thing. Most of the time was taken up with Dick's problems, which are many. When an important question was tossed at Rita, she usually looked to Dick for the answer. More often than not, he volunteered it. When she did make a statement, he often corrected it slightly. Reporters came away with a raft of statements from Haymes but scarcely a quote from Rita.

Their professional partnership became official when they signed a deal to make some pictures for United Artists release. The deal was made in both their names, not Rita's alone.

It's possible that the courts will eventually decide in favor of the Haymeses. But that won't make Columbia bosses feel any less that they haven't been hurt by Rita and Dick.

They argue that they have taken good care of Rita in the 17 years she has been at the studio. They set up her Beckworth Company, which allowed her to participate in the profits of her films. After she had been heavily censured for the Aly Khan affair, the studio gambled to bring her back before the public in expensive films.

Columbia also advanced her and Haymes large amounts of money to help straighten out their financial entanglements.

But, of course, none of this has any effect on Rita. She is being guided by a man, as she has been all her life. That's the way she is and no one can change her. It remains to be seen where this course will lead her.

END



AME came to Rita through her dancing roles, the last one being in "Miss Sadie Thompson," in which she did this high-spirited number.



JANET LEIGH:

Designing Woman

**Janet has a new line these days
but it's strictly for Junior Misses—
dress fashions she's creating
as part of a brilliant new career**



JANET is flanked by two buyers (above) as they examine her creations. Left, she chats gaily with another buyer.

TRYING ON One of her creations for Natlynn Junior Originals, Janet can't suppress a big smile.



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JANET LEIGH continued

Housefrau, movie star and fashion designer—

ADDITION of pearls and black hat convert simple sheath into chic afternoon costume, Janet explains.



his girl does everything well



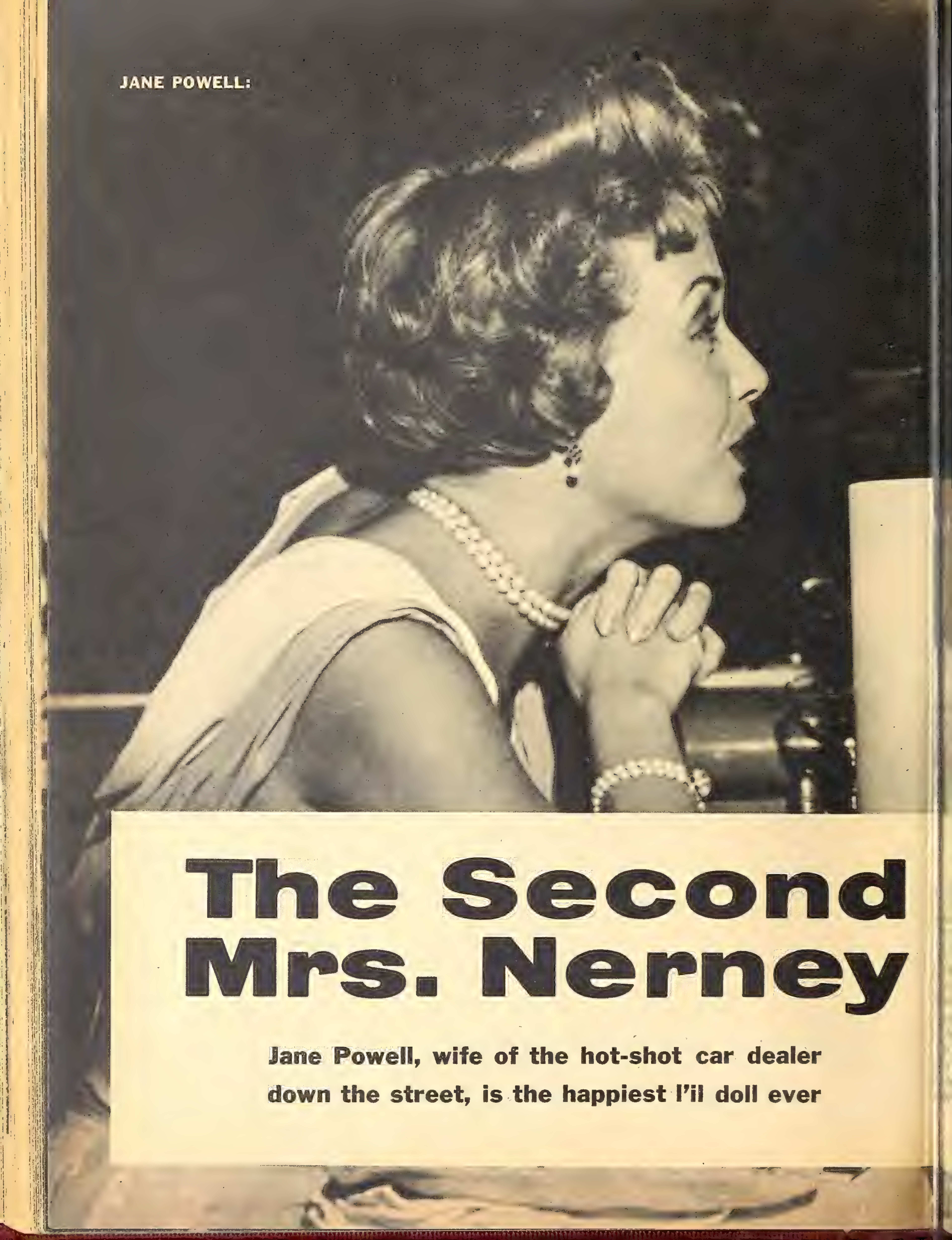
CHIFFON SCARF added to neckline of Janet's sheath also dresses her up. Janet's creations for Natlynn Juniors are "wardrobe stretchers."



POINTING to photograph of another of her designs, Janet reveals characteristic intensity which she carries into all of her work.



of session with buyers, Janet calls Tony to tell him she's on her way home. At right, she checks orders, looking mighty pleased. **END**



JANE POWELL:

The Second Mrs. Nerney

Jane Powell, wife of the hot-shot car dealer down the street, is the happiest I'll doll ever



By **JIM COOPER**

WELL, THE returns are in, and there seems no question about it. Mrs. Nerney is back in the chips. This is emotionally speaking. Mrs. Nerney, who was Mrs. Geary Steffen, who was Jane Powell and in fact still is, had a time there when her stack was pretty depleted. She wasn't happy and she was very, very abused. Then along came Pat Nerney, a sales executive in automobiles by profession, and you ought to see Mrs. Nerney. Happiest little doll ever! There is quite definitely a point, by the way, in bearing in mind this "Mrs. Nerney" business. One is not just being silly. There also is quite definitely a connection between it and Jane Powell's state of well-being.

And the connection is that Miss Powell is in truth Mrs. Nerney. Once she's away from the screen and off the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, there simply ain't no Jane Powell. And it is not always thus with the marriages of women film stars whose husbands do not themselves happen to be in the Hollywood firmament.

That is nobody's fault. It's one of those things. But the precise circumstance that it is one of those things can plant a nasty little bug in what might in all other respects be an idyllic set-up.

Let us, for example, plot the course that might have followed—but did not—the wedding of Jane Powell and Pat Nerney in Ojai, California, last November 8. The route should

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AFTER a period of nervousness and bewilderment following her divorce from Geary Steffen, Jane is once more her old, outgoing, happy se

more thinking of happiness in lon

have a familiar ring to you for it's happened so many times.

Nerney, as said, is a salesman of cars, and a very successful one. But it would not have jarred the Hollywood scene much if, after the marriage, he had abruptly become a talent agent, a business manager, or even a producer—the qualification being that his only client was his wife.

The woods—the Hollywoods, if you go for that sort of prose tapioca—are full of these mysterious transferences. Husbands whose abilities prior to the acquisition of a celebrated mate have had no particular connection with films, suddenly become rather well-paid consultants on script or salary problems. A corporation is formed and he becomes officially an executive of that corporation, title and all.

In the case of Nerney and Miss Powell, it is not inconceivable that the corporation would have been called Pow-Ney or Nern-Ell or something equally distressing. Known as an independent production unit, Miss Powell would be treasurer, perhaps, Nerney president and chairman of the board. Probably would have made money, too.

But it wouldn't have fooled anybody, and its two founders least of all. Marriages into the high and heady echelons of screen stardom have rotted at the base for lesser causes.

In effect, both parties are chattels in a peculiarly reciprocal way, and both parties come to resent it.

But it's not that way with the Nerneys. He didn't marry a movie star. She married a sales executive—who still sells cars and resolutely declines to poke his nose onto a film set.

THAT CUES us into a little dialogue. The scene, as usual, is MGM's commissary, where press and stars inevitably are consigned to make their modest share of history.

There's knackwurst—au gratin, yet!—on the menu, but Miss Powell, who has soared to a thumping 98 pounds, is on diet, and orders off the top of her head cottage cheese, sliced hard-boiled eggs, sliced tomatoes, and lettuce. Looks like a

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MRS. NERNEY is on the upbeat again, as these pictures will testify. Her brief, rebound romance with Gene Nelson is forgotten.





BOB Francis is likely to buy the food and ask YOU to prepare it.

Better wear your old blue jeans,

YOU PROBABLY think that an eligible young man in Hollywood has a pretty wonderful time what with the shortage of single males and all those beautiful girls and the lavish parties and anxious hostesses bombarding him with invitations. And you're right. That is, you could be right if it weren't for two or three little matters, such as the fact that most of these lads have important work to do very early most days, so late hours are out; and the fact that the most eligible ones are usually comparative beginners in pictures and are rarely in the big money brackets which allow them to return expensive hospitality in kind. That's why (although it's a little sad for various glamorous gals who seriously need to be escorted here and yon) you don't often find the most attractive single men at the lavish parties or in the expensive night spots.

But don't waste any time feeling sorry for these lone



BOB Wagner will probably serve a buffet dinner—by candlelight.



TAB will entertain his date—at her home! He brings the grub.



GEORGE Nader takes his cooking seriously, hates to be kibitzed.

for the chances are you'll wind up cooking dinner in his apartment!

olves. They get along just fine, have just as much fun as any one, and what's more they manage to do some entertaining in their own various ways which seems to be more than acceptable to the girls in their lives. At least, I haven't heard a complaint yet! Glamorous and pampered misses, most of them, too.

Take Rock Hudson. Rock recently established himself in a new hilltop house, much like his last one, but bigger and a bit grander. But his entertaining habits won't have changed.

If you were a girl who was invited to spend an evening at his place you could expect—well, hold on a minute. A girl is hardly ever invited merely to "spend an evening" at Rock's. If he likes her well enough to invite her at all, he's more likely to say, "Let me pick you up tomorrow afternoon. We'll pool around and you plan to stay for supper and we'll see what we can stir up later."

Duly picked up and arrived at Rock's eagle-nest dwelling, she discovers promptly that Rock is involved in some important "project" or other and wants her help and cooperation or her advice—or maybe he just likes to have a pretty girl there to look on and possibly applaud a little bit as he goes earnestly about these activities. He is an ardent gardener, so sometimes his guest helps him to lay out a hyacinth bed or maybe, if she is so inclined, she may do a bit of trowel-wielding, herself.

Sometimes he is in his never-ending throes of indexing his huge collection of recordings. This has been going on for years and is, admittedly, never going to be finished, but if a girl is on familiar terms with a card index, she can make Rock her slave.

Perhaps this is his day to enjoy his electric tools, in which

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DANCING cheek to cheek with George Nader—Martha Hyer feels no pain.

the evening will never be dull



PIPER Laurie is adept at whipping up a trayful of tasty sandwiches when Rock's not in the mood for preparing something more elaborate.

case he may whip up a pair of smart and shiny personalized earrings. Or maybe he is doing woodwork—and she'll get a pair of polished bookends. But, whatever kick he is on, if she seems bored, Rock will abandon it amiably and hunt up some other activity to amuse her.

And, no matter what else happens, she will have music to entertain her. Rock's record player will be going and he can please the most fastidious—or fantastic taste. He has practically every kind of record and, as there isn't any kind of music that he doesn't enjoy, she may choose her own and know that he likes it, too. But girls with sensitive eardrums should be warned. Rock likes the volume on his music turned *up*. He likes it loud. "I like to be able to identify the instruments," he explains—and if his guest can distinguish a bassoon from a piccolo, she'll certainly have no trouble identifying them at Rock's house!

LATER ON, people will start turning up, looking hungry, and if Rock's special girl guest hasn't been there before she may begin to wonder, apprehensively, who is going to *cook* for all these characters. She needn't. Sometimes Rock's mother drops by with a whole baked ham and a casserole dish and a bottle of special salad dressing to be mixed with the salad makings reposing in the refrigerator. Sometimes Rock produces thick steaks and grills them expertly at the outdoor barbecue or on the kitchen stove, depending on the weather. Once in a while, if he is in an expansive mood, he may have a cook in to fix something pretty sumptuous in the way of a buffet meal.

Whatever happens, no one is going to be hungry and no one is going to have to wash any dishes. A doughty woman arrives next morning to attend to the cleaning details.

After the food, there will be a big fire and a lot of talk and music. Always the music—from the record player, from Rock's beloved, old-fashioned player piano with his myriad-

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LORI Nelson won't pressure Tab Hunter's budget with a big night club bill, prefers instead to be entertained by him in her cozy home.

JEANNE CRAIN:

An Innocent in Paris



HUSBAND Paul Brinkman is the only man in Jeanne's life, but try telling that to an amorous Frenchman! Mon Dieu!

Imagine Jeanne's awful dilemma when she discovered a Frenchman just won't take "no" for an answer!

By BILL TUSHER

HER flawless features endowed the lovely dark-haired girl with the face of a cameo. She looked very Gallic with the beret perched on her head and the crimson scarf flung carelessly around her neck and floating off to the side. She was oblivious of the crowds surging around her as she paused to look in the window of an art shop on the Champs Elysees in Paris.

But before she could blink her eyes, a stranger caught a glimpse of her, broke ranks from among the passing pedestrians, blandly walked up to her, and proceeded to pour on the continental banana oil.

"*Pardonnez moi, mademoiselle,*" he smiled graciously, taking the startled girl's arm. "Are you interested in a Matisse? They don't have anything worthwhile here, *mais non*. If you'll just get into a cab down the street, I can take you three miles down to the Left Bank, and we could see much better things, *n'est-ce pas?*"

The Frenchman's pitch—a dressy variation of the plebian American boy-meets-girl maneuver known as the pick-up—was in itself a work of art the like of which she never had seen until she found herself at large in Gay Paree. His approach was remarkable in its éclat and easy assurance. He didn't have the slightest doubt that the ravishing young woman would accept his invitation with alacrity.

But Jeanne extricated her elbow from his gentle, if proprietary claws, and continued on her way at a quickened pace—without benefit of his gratuitously offered guidance.

What this ardent French Lothario did not know was that his elusive quarry happened to be a titian-haired beauty from Hollywood, Jeanne Crain, *avec* black wig for her Parisian location assignment in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." Jeanne's disguise was so effective

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"GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES": In this merry film Jeanne cavorts with Alan Young (above) and Jane Russell (below).



Making a film in Paris, Jeanne had a hard time convincing the male population that she's really a home-loving gal

that even her friends didn't recognize her, but a woman so outrageously well-endowed scarcely needs fame as an excuse to attract the roving eye of a roaming Frenchman. The gorgeous Miss Crain, who is prime whistle-bait in any language, in any clime, was not in Paris very long before she discovered that this species of Frenchman was not unique. In fact, she came to the frightening conclusion that there is no other kind of Frenchman.

A mischievous twinkle in her sky blue peepers, Jeanne still was gasping over her Parisian adventures when I caught up with her at Universal-International, where she was starring in "The Second Greatest Sex," a shocking misnomer in the case of anyone as fetching as she.

"Frenchmen," Jeanne sighed resignedly, "are the most persistent males on earth. They won't take 'no' for an answer. They think you're just flirting with them when you say 'no.' They think you're offering resistance only so they can break the resistance down."

You don't have to be a prodigy to realize what a problem this constituted for the wholesome Miss Crain, who is the loving wife of handsome Paul Brinkman and the devoted mother of their four children. When she left for her four-month jaunt of European picture-making, both she and Paul were very civilized—if not continental—about the whole thing. Each implored the other not to hesitate to go out while they were apart.

"The only other times we were separated," Jeanne explained, "were when I was at the hospital having our children, and once when Paul went hunting for five days in Utah. So we both wanted the other to go out very much. But of course I went out with other couples or friends of the family. I would never go out with someone if it could be misconstrued, and Paul wouldn't either. There's no excuse for it. You're more or less putting your husband or your wife in an extremely embarrassing position."

Preventing anything embarrassing from happening turned out to be a breathtaking adventure for Jeanne during her three months in Paris. No matter where she went, or what she said, she could not avoid the determined onslaught of amorous Frenchmen.

"THE men are flirting all the time," Jeanne cried in despair. "You can be having a business appointment with a Frenchman, and all of a sudden, he clasps your arm and looks into your eyes."

Jeanne fastened her long, warm fingers around my more than willing arm and fluttered her eyes at mine to display the technique. *Mon Dieu!*

"He can see your wedding ring," she went on, "but it doesn't mean a thing to him. In the middle of your business discussion, he looks at you with calf's eyes and says, 'What are you doing later in the evening? There's a little nearby bar I know where we could go, and we can talk about life.'"

In the midst of one shopping trip, a debonair clerk drew close to her and whispered, "Now that we are alone together,

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IF 50 million Frenchmen fell in love with Jeanne at first sight, well, who can blame them? She sure looks like she'd be nice to come home to.

"The guy who set me straight"

**If it weren't for an understanding settlement worker,
Tony wouldn't be where he is today**

LAST Winter, Tony Curtis was given the annual award of merit of the George Washington Carver Memorial Institute for his assistance in the fight against juvenile delinquency. Until this national award was announced, even some of Tony's close friends did not know he had

been active in this work for more than two years. Quietly and without fanfare he continues his work with boys' organizations. This is his way of saying "thanks" for the guidance he received in settlement houses in New York City in his own youth.



BY the time he joined the Navy, at 17, Tony was a very likeable and well-adjusted kid.



By DENNIS JAMES

Star of TV's "On Your Account"

Tony grew up in the East Side tenement district around 73rd Street. The neighborhood and times—he was a Depression Kid—were tough, so he learned at an early age to take care of himself, whether in street fights or the competition of earning pennies, nickels and dimes.

Tony never was in the delinquent class, never got into serious trouble, perhaps because of home guidance and the fact that he started at the age of 6 to *earn* money, rather than steal it. But he was a high-spirited kid with lots of drive and energy. The regimentation of school sometimes bored him; he was not above playing hooky or causing disturbances in class. So at 13 he and five other boys were escorted by a truant officer to the Jones Memorial Settlement House where the boys were exposed to supervised recreational activities.

The next year he started attending Seward Park High School, where again the school authorities suggested that he and three of his pals "would do well" to start going to the Henry Street Settlement. This, Tony believes, was one of the best influences in his life. For there he came under the guidance of Paul Schwartz.

Officially, Schwartz was head counselor of Camp Henry, the summer camp operated by the settlement house, and most of his work throughout the year centered about preparing for the next camp season. But actually he also gave a lot of time to working with the boys at the settlement. One thing he did was help the kids put on entertainments and shows. And in Tony he discovered an eager talent.

"Actually, it was Paul Schwartz who first got me interested in acting and show-

See Dennis James daily on "On Your Account," CBS-TV, 4:30 p.m. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

manship. He gave me my first encouragement. I remember after one show he told me, 'If you work hard, I think you can be a good actor someday,' " Tony relates.

"Paul Schwartz was a great man; he did so much good for boys. He wasn't the 'soft type'; he had to be firm with kids like us. But he was so understanding and warm that he earned our respect. He was the greatest, and I'll always be grateful to him."

Perceptive Schwartz soon realized that with Tony's terrific drive and energy—never dulled by schoolwork and endless odd jobs—it would be wise to give him definite responsibilities. So in addition to having Tony work on shows, he assigned him the job of teaching tumbling and gymnastics to younger boys. Always a naturally good athlete, Tony had taught himself tumbling in an empty lot where an old mattress served as his gym pad.

By the time he was 15 he had a regular class of boys not much younger than he—but they looked up to him as a leader.

"And to them, too, I'm grateful. Sure, I was trying to help them, but in return they were doing something for me. All of a sudden I realized, 'This is great! I'm being useful. I'm helping somebody!'"

Several boys in Tony's gym class had physical handicaps. When Tony was asked to help stage a "circus" for the settlement house, he said he would if all his little crippled boys could be clowns. Paul Schwartz was somewhat surprised but agreed.

Tony's clowns put on a great performance and after the show was over Schwartz commented on Tony's coaching. "You've done a great job. And it has real therapeutic value." Was Tony proud! As proud for "his kids" and their performance as he was for the praise given him.

For the three years that he went to the Henry Street Settlement House—he was 14, 15 and 16—he also went to the summer camp up the Hudson near Peekskill, paying his way by working, first as an assistant junior counselor and finally working up to counselor. The first summer he had to help wash dishes and clean up the commissary. Later he helped direct athletics and "social" activities, the latter largely entertainments.

"We strictly improvised. Real amateur stuff. But it was lots of fun. Sometimes it was nothing more than directing singing and story telling around the campfire. But it's all great for boys."

Thus Tony remembers his experiences at the settlement house and Camp Henry.

"At the time I just enjoyed it. Now I realize what a great good influence it was," he says with conviction.

And as long as he remembers his gratitude to Paul Schwartz and the others, you can be sure Tony Curtis will continue his own "thank-you-chain" by giving his support and personal effort to movements for the benefit of boys. **END**

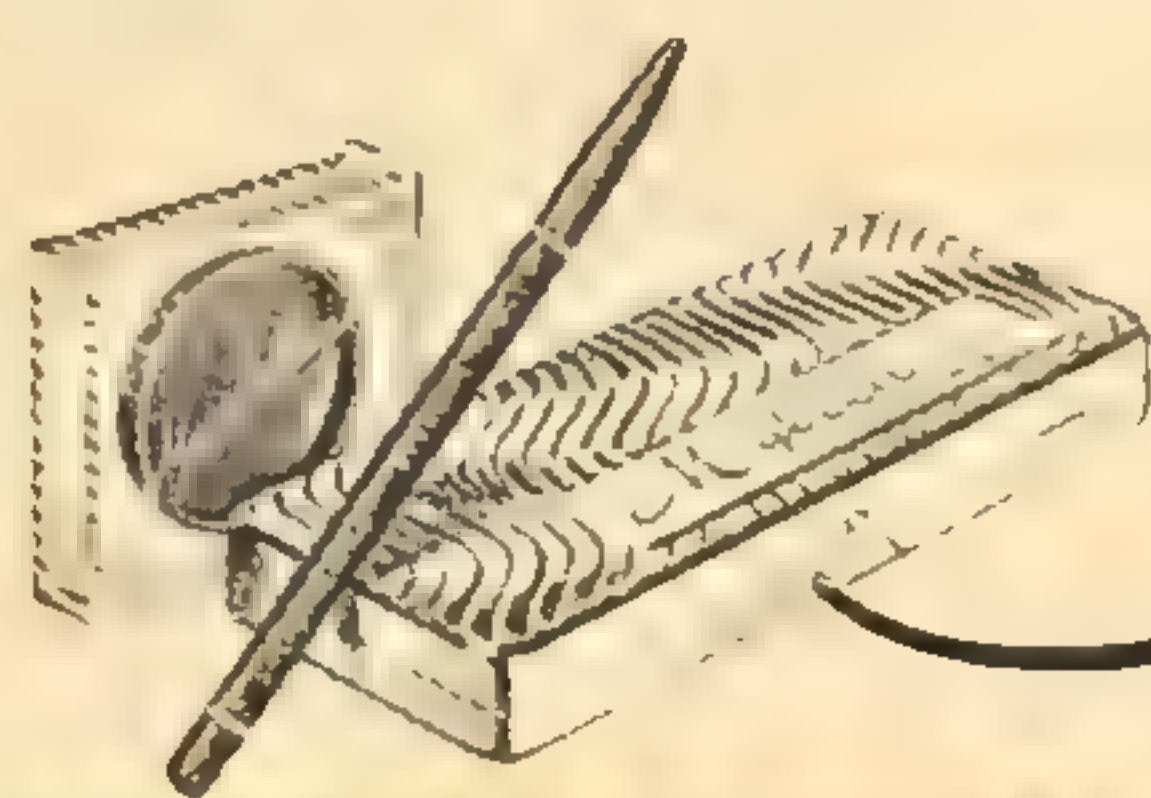


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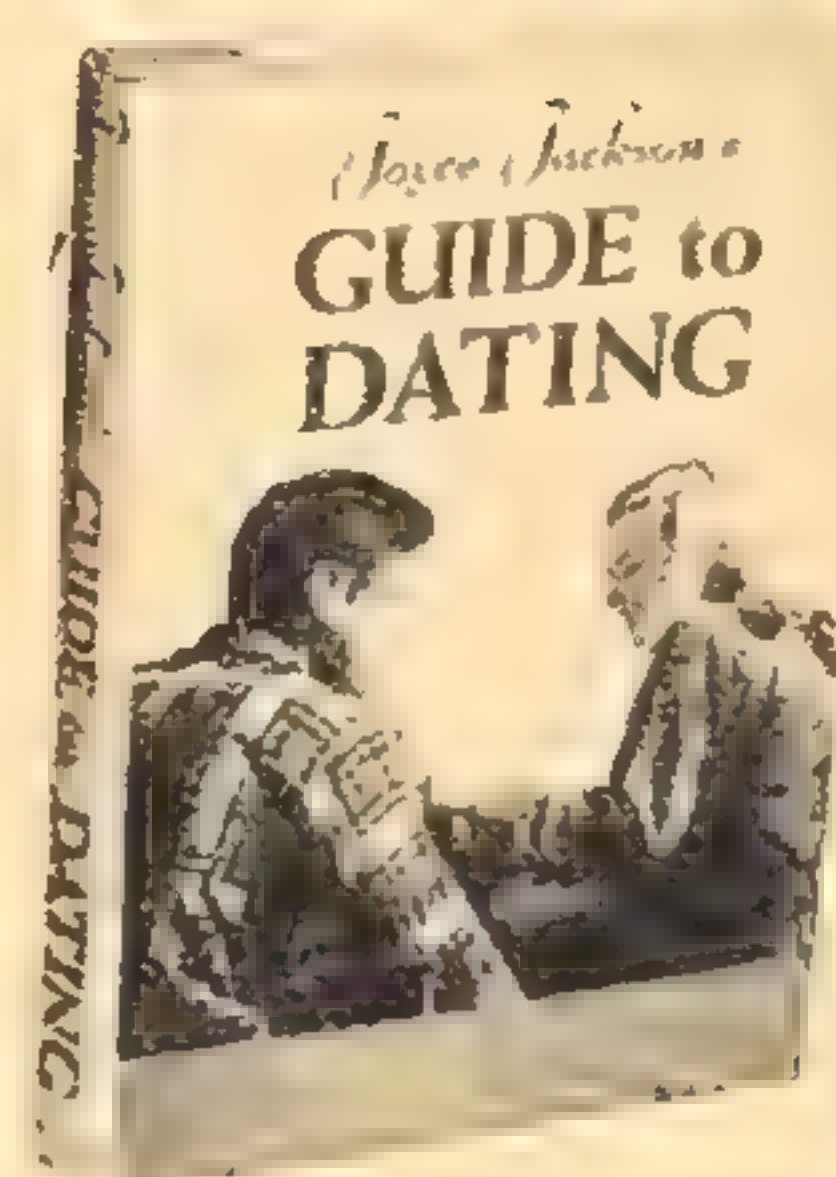
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MARTHA RAYE:



A GREAT comedienne, Martha, after five marriages, has yet to find any happiness herself.

Laughs are easier than love

When the comedy mask slips off, the sadness in Martha Raye's heart is revealed

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

ONE of the interesting facts about Martha Raye is that she is not yet 39, despite the fact that she's been around almost as long as Jack Benny (who everyone knows is 39). Martha Raye is actually a young and good-looking 37, recently married and separated from a still younger man named Ed Begley (he's 30). Begley, a dancer on her TV show, was her fifth husband. She married him the same way she married the other four.

"We were out with some friends," Begley recalls, "and we decided we had to be married right away. Next thing we knew we were at the airport chartering a cou-

ple of little planes to fly us to Washington."

They were married in Virginia. "I'm so happy, just so happy," Martha said. Then she looked at Ed and said, "He's feeling just wonderful."

That was April 21, 1955. Less than a month later they were having their first spat, and a little while after that they separated. No one knows why. But friends who've seen Martha through several other crises in her life say, "She gets stuck on a guy and she marries him. She wants to be a wife, not a girl friend. And she rarely stops to consider whether

there's any solid foundation to build a marriage."

One of her friends says even more. "Just watch Martha in action for a while. She doesn't like people to think she's feeling anything but wonderful. Sometimes, though, the comedy mask slips off. She's a great clown, but to me there's no sadder figure in show business."

In view of the fact that some of the greatest comedians in the world today (including Groucho Marx, Milton Berle and Jack Benny) consider Martha "the greatest comedienne of our time," this is a tragic estimate indeed. But it may be true. There may even be truth to the talk that Martha would gladly trade in her title and her house in Connecticut for a crack at being just plain beautiful.

Like many other brilliant comics Martha Raye onstage acts as if life is one big laugh. Offstage her life turns into a dizzy and often dismal flight from herself. Devoted friends, professional accolades, financial security (she's just signed an exclusive contract with NBC that will yield her several million dollars) don't seem to touch Martha where it will do much good.

It may be because of a childhood that hardly existed. She was born between the acts in a vaudeville house in Butte, Montana. When she was three she slipped into a pair of satin overalls and sang, "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate." Her mother and father were troupers, so was she. This meant a nomadic life, little schooling, no friends.

Her family weren't headliners. They lived in a battered old car and that took its toll. When her brother and sister (both younger than she) were in their twenties, they died of TB. Her parents were divorced when she was still in her teens.

Paul Nash, an orchestra leader, remembers what Martha was doing when she was 13. She was coming around to his theatre in Chicago and asking for five dollars. That was to buy her family a Thanksgiving dinner.

He hired the whole family, but only her brother performed. Her folks became wardrobe mistress and chauffeur. Martha kept pestering Nash till he gave her an audition. When he heard her sing he was glad. She tore down the house with "Love For Sale."

Nash took her to New York where they appeared at the Paramount. Nash says "Martha's never forgotten that I gave her her first break. She never fails to mention it."

Nor does she fail to mention the treatment she later got in Hollywood. "My career out there was going fine," she says "until they insisted on making a glamour girl out of me. You have a nice pair of legs so right away you've gotta be glamorous. I haven't the slightest interest in making any more movies."

In Hollywood she was a star at 19, but three years later they told her to get lost. There weren't any sentimental farewells. One morning Martha was handed a pink slip. That was all. "No warning," she

says. "Just a notice that my option wasn't being picked up. It took me a year to recover my self-confidence."

But when she was riding high in Hollywood there wasn't anything like her. One of the first things she did was get married. "Believe it or not," she says, "I was 19 and a Hollywood star and I'd never had a serious date. One day Perc Westmore introduced me to his brother Buddy. He was 20, looked 17, and from the very first I saw him through rose-colored glasses. When he asked me for a date I almost fainted."

She married him the way she later married Ed Begley. One night she and Buddy were with some friends at the Biltmore Bowl and it seemed logical to get married right away. They drove down to Las Vegas and woke up a judge. The next day Martha was back at the studio, making a movie with Bing Crosby. That evening she had to rehearse a radio show. Ninety days later she and Bud were divorced.

Martha blamed it on the demands of her career. Bud has been heard to blame it on the demands of Martha's mother whose own unhappiness in marriage led her to concentrate all her energies on Martha.

Ten days after her divorce from Buddy she married David Rose. Looking back, friends say she did it because Rose "had a touch of class." However, when he felt like marrying Judy Garland, he asked for a divorce.

Martha's third husband was Neal Lang, a hotel executive. "She's a great gal," he says. "She always stays at my hotels." She has probably stayed at his hotels longer than all the days that marriage lasted.

It was not a very happy Martha who spent her time touring Army camps overseas. Her Hollywood career was finished

continued on page 66



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DANCING with Rocky Graziano, who plays Martha's boy friend on her NBC-TV show.



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HER home in Westport, Conn., represents the kind of life Martha has always dreamed about.

MARTHA RAYE continued

—except for two more movies, one based on her overseas experiences, the other with Charles Chaplin in "Monsieur Verdoux"—three marriages were finished. In a way she was a lonely kid again without any security and less belief in herself. The tour was swell for the Army, but it wasn't exactly beneficial for her. When the Germans bombed convoys around Algiers she got a shrapnel wound. She picked up yellow fever on the African Gold Coast and lost 20 pounds. She also developed anemia which still requires blood transfusions.

She came back to marry Nick Condos, and in 1944 their daughter Melodye was born. Martha says, "Having and nursing my own baby was my greatest achievement."

Before TV came along, Martha worked in Miami at the Five O'Clock Club, half of which she owns. "It was the roughest work of all," says Condos. "When Martha went home, everybody went home. So if we wanted business she had to be on the job."

Martha credits Milton Berle with giving her her first big break on TV. When he saw how she was going over, he let her steal the spotlight, which is tribute in itself.

Now Martha's sold on TV in general. When she isn't working she's sitting in front of the set at home. It's on all day.

People laughed when she bought her place in fashionable Westport, Conn. They didn't know it represented a kind of life Martha had been dreaming about. "After 37 years of breathing the cigar fog of night clubs and theatres, I'm on a new kick," she said. "Fresh air and fishing."

It never occurred to her that the neighbors might go around boasting that Martha Raye lived next door. She acted as if she were privileged to be welcomed in a community where cocktail parties and PTA meetings are evenly balanced.

Condos did not share the new life. Martha divorced him in 1953. Even so, he held the record. He was her husband

for ten years and attributed that to his own "strong character."

He's never given up being her manager. "I know people think it's funny," he says. "But I managed her all the while we were married. I know what's good for Martha and she knows I know."

His loyalty is not unusual. Almost all the people who come in contact with Martha come away half in love. Sadly enough, Martha can't seem to nourish herself on that.

Karl Hoffenberg, her TV producer, says. "Martha gives the impression of having nerves of steel. I'm sure she doesn't—that inside she's quaking with the jitters. But it's wonderful for company morale. I've been with her for four years and I've yet to see her blow up or display any so-called temperament. She has complete confidence in the people who work for her."

Martha doesn't blow up. Every once in a while she merely collapses.

Now that she's on top of TV, Hollywood is naturally eager to forget the old days and hand her one of the studios. Only recently she turned down a huge sum of money. "It was the supreme moment of my life," she said. "It was my day of reckoning."

The scars that Hollywood left have gone; the scars a lifetime created she nurses in Shangri-La, her home. When she married Ed Begley she thought she'd found the peace she sought. Lounging around in shorts and socks, boasting proudly of her daughter, with one eye on her husband and the other on TV, she told a reporter, "This is the life. It's the only way to live and I guess I've always known it."

Maybe it was too good for Martha to take, or maybe there was the inevitable disappointment of discovering that it didn't bring inner content. For, at last reports, Begley and she had called off the marriage. And the greatest comedienne of our time was still trying to mask an aching heart.

END

Coming Attractions

continued from page 8

Pacific Island waters during World War II. Because of the unending monotony, the men aboard cherished some unusual hobbies. Captain James Cagney coddled a young potted palm. Ship's doctor William Powell was content to be potted himself—on home-made Scotch. Ensign Jack Lemmon nursed lascivious dreams about nurses. And Lieutenant Henry Fonda wrote impassioned requests for transfer to a combat ship. On all Fonda's requests for change of duty, Cagney stamps "disapproved" because without Fonda the *Reluctant* would founder on the shoals of chaos. Thinking to end the matter once and for all, Cagney knavishly blackmails Fonda into staying aboard for the duration, the price being a much-needed shore leave for the crew. When the enlisted men finally discover Fonda's sacrifice, they hold a name-forging contest, the winner being so expert that Fonda receives his orders for duty aboard a destroyer. Filmed in Technicolor, Thomas Heggins' story of a war within a war achieves its third triumph; the book, then the Broadway play and now a delightful motion picture that ends the laughs with a tear instead of a period. (Warner Brothers.)

The Sea Chase

RATHER than have his tramp steamer interned at Australia at the outset of World War II, German Captain John Wayne decides to take the ship and its crew back to *Der Vaterland*. Slipping through the British patrol cordon seems the least of Wayne's concerns. Once under way, Wayne notes the scarcity of fuel and supplies, and the over-abundance of woman—Lana Turner. Spirited aboard the freighter at the last moment, Lana is a spy, German-type, whose life wouldn't be worth a plugged pfennig if she stayed in Australia. She and Wayne hate each other intensely, which, as any confirmed movie-goer knows, usually sets the stage for some tempestuous love scenes. During a stop at an uninhabited island, while the crew chops timber for fuel, Lana and Wayne begin murmuring guttural nothings at each other, thereby showing you can get a blaze started without fuel. Despite all these interesting detours, Wayne still intends to reach Germany, but the British Navy and David Farrar blow his plans sky-high. An exciting package of adventure and romance. (Warner Brothers.)

Summertime

HAVING spent years planning her European vacation, secretary Katharine Hepburn arrives in Venice armed with camera, English-Italian dictionary, and a conviction that nothing could mar

continued on page 73

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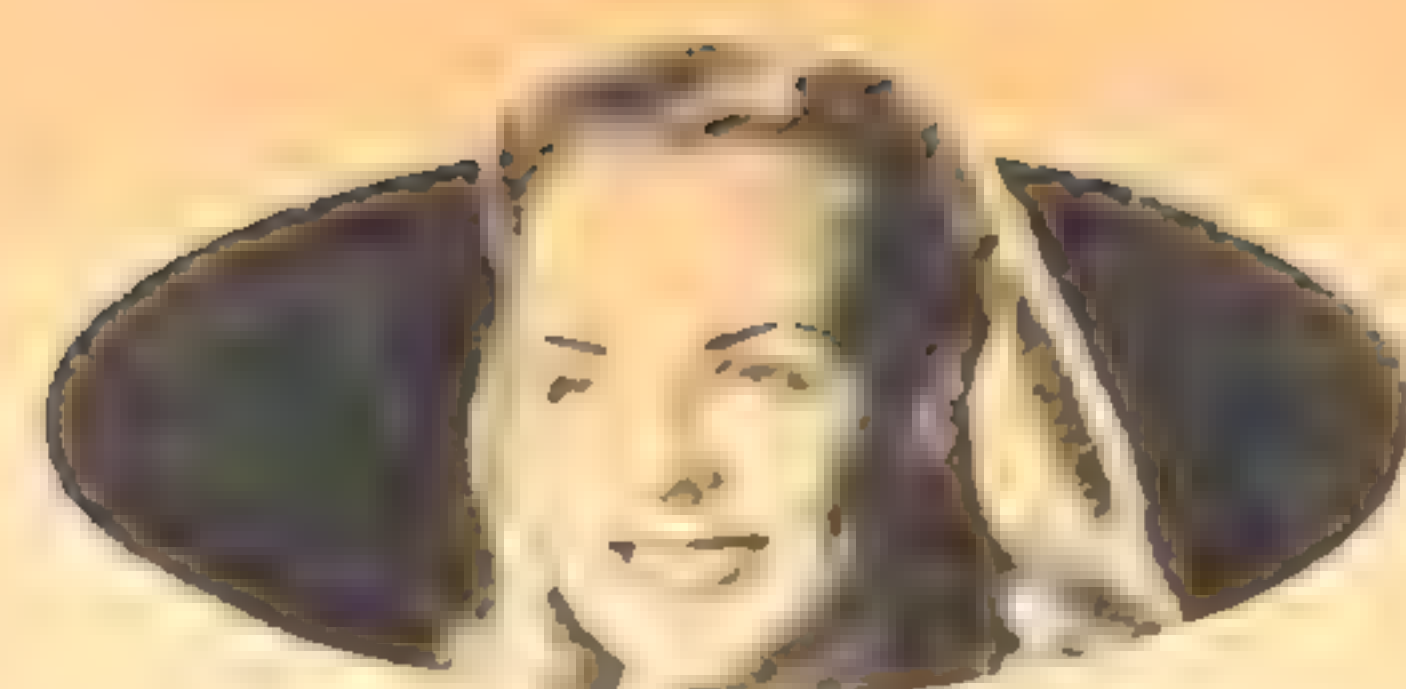
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let's look at ● the RECORDS



By **GEORGE SKINNER**

GORDON MACRAE is at his deep-toned best singing. "Follow Your Heart," from the B'way hit "Plain And Fancy," for Capitol. It's backed by "Bella Notte," from the Disney movie, "Lady And The Tramp" . . . Cadence Records heard the master record **Bob Jaxon** made elsewhere of "Why Does A Woman Cry" and promptly bought both master and artist—you'll see why. Bob sings "Ali Baba" on reverse . . . Since "Learnin' The Blues" was written by a pal, **Frank Sinatra** gave it his all when he recorded it for Capitol (it shows). Flip's the romantic-romantic "If I Had Three Wishes" . . . Decca offers **Bing Crosby** and "Love Song," the lowdown on love à la Crosby. It's backed by "Nobody," a novelty which surprisingly includes audience laughter . . . **Winifred Atwell** specializes in piano corn for London—prize corn at that. Nine numbers on the one 45 titled, "Let's Have A Ding Dong," and including such as "Ain't She Sweet" . . . Victor is mighty proud of a new singer named **Matt Dennis**, so they're presenting him via an LP album, "She Dances Overhead," a slew of Rodgers and Hart songs. Dennis, a former arranger-composer for Tommy Dorsey, now has others arranging for him!

Multiple **Mary Ford** and ditto **Les Paul** sing and play "Genuine Love" and "No Letter Today," the latter a lament, for Capitol. As usual, great! . . . No one is funnier with the quips than **Victor Borge**, who also plays piano—and demonstrates both skills on a Columbia LP album, "Caught In The Act" . . . Columbia offers another album of consequence, **Paul Weston's** "Dream Time Music," 12 schmaltzy/nostalgic ork numbers ranging from "S'posin'" to "How High The Moon" . . . Betty Madigan dishes up "I Had A Heart" and "Wonderful Words" for MGM. Former's a solid ballad, latter a lilting waltz—both add up to glad again Madigan . . . "Smack

Dab In The Middle" has been done by the best, now that the **Mills Brothers** have waxed it for Decca. Flip, "Kiss Me And Kill Me With Love," is a romantic novelty.

Decca has done the right thing—they've put the best of **Sammy Davis** on an LP album called "Starring Sammy Davis Jr." Versatile Sammy imitates, sings and swings, and always with that perfect diction that is no small part of his vocal charm . . . Now hear this—Victor's new team, **Perry Como** and **Jaye P. Morgan**, yet! They blend like \$6 bourbon as they sing "Two Lost Souls" from "Damn Yankees" and "Chee Chee-oo-chee."

First American release of the much-publicized **Malcolm Mitchell** (\$30,000) band—with one side appropriately dubbed "Debut." "I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me" on reverse of this excellent London platter . . . **Line Renaud**, seen on TV with Bob Hope, warbles "Pam-Pou-De" and "If I Love," for Capitol. Miss Renaud can Hope for fame . . . **Guy Lombardo** and his men do the honors by "Marty," theme song of the movie of the same, and couple it with the popular "Hey, Mr. Banjo." Decca and tip-top Lombardo . . . Organ fans will welcome **Milt Herth's** organ and trio doing "Echo Tango" and "Booga Da Woog," for MGM. *Booga* is a recent novelty, but the swingy Herth remains a perennial pet, as should be . . . **Vic Damone** offers "Don't Keep It A Secret," a waltz ballad, and "A Man Doesn't Know," both on a Mercury record. A tremendous job by a young gent who's been looking for a hit platter. This could be it.

END

George Skinner, star of "The George Skinner Show," WCBS-TV, New York. Channel 2, 9:00 - 10:00, a.m., EDST, Monday through Friday.

The Second Mrs. Nerney

continued from page 53

color photograph in a woman's magazine.

"Poke his nose on a set!" said Miss Powell, pursuing the thought. "Pat won't poke his nose into anything connected with my business unless I crawl to him for advice. He leans so far the other way, this'll give you an idea. He's never met my agent. Never even seen him. So I had a lunch date with him last week, I mean the agent, you know, and I asked Pat to come along. You think he would? Not for the world! Pat's never used the term 'Hollywood husband,' and I'm sure he wouldn't, and we've never really discussed it in so many words, but I'm certain I know how he feels.

"The thing is, though," Miss Powell resumed after a small food break, "I could use a lot more advice than he wants to spare. He's a sound business man, which I positively am not, and his critical tastes are fine, too. But he seems to have this absolute horror of moving in on my business a single inch. And I love him for it. Of course, I could break a vase over his head sometimes, but it's wonderful anyway. Never once—not once—has he given me advice unless I asked for it. And even then, he has to be sure I'm not giving it the Helpless Little Woman routine to flatter his male ego. He has to be convinced I mean it. Well, sure I mean it. I always mean it. It isn't every woman who has a top business administrator around the house to help her out.

"It's me," she said, "who waits home for Pat. Only you'd better make me say, 'It is I.' Lots of nights, Pat doesn't get home until ten or half-past. So naturally I wait dinner. If I'm working, it cuts in on my sleep some, but what's sleep? No, it's a lot of fun."

Obviously, this was the same Jane Powell who had been nervous, depressed and rather pathetically bewildered at another time, when her marriage to Steffen had come apart and her name was being linked with that of Gene Nelson whose own marriage had come apart as well. But just as obviously, it was a different Jane altogether—which is not regarded as a joke.

Indeed, she was able, after packing in a few strawberries, to chortle over a traffic accident in which she was admittedly liable and that eventually cost somebody seven hundred and fifty bucks. Happened very recently, and after you understand why Miss Powell was moved to happy laughter by the incident, you will see the extent of her wifely devotion.

It is the custom to keep trade names out of these deals, but Miss Powell was driving the sports car her husband had given her a few weeks before, and it is likewise the sports car made by the line of cars he sells. It is small and rakish, that much can be revealed.

Well now, the line of cars in direct opposition to the line of cars Mr. Nerney sells also sells a sports car, and it, too, is small and rakish, but a fierce competitor, by gad.

And on this day at this particular traffic signal. Miss Powell, at the wheel of Small and Rakish No. 1, ploughed into the back end of a Small and Rakish No. 2, and doggoned if that back end didn't cave in as though it was made of Kleenex, seven hundred and fifty bucks worth, and Small and Rakish No. 1 was scarcely damaged! Victory for the Nerneys!

Was a time just before their marriage that Jane Powell would not mention Pat Nerney's name for public consumption. Maybe she felt she'd mentioned too many names already and didn't want to trifle with her luck. It made for odd conversations though. She'd admit she had a fella and that she cooked spaghetti dinners for him. Under slight pressure, she'd confess he was a dealer in cars. It was not even impossible that his first name was Pat. But beyond that point, final identification seemed to have slipped her mind.

It's not like that any more. It's not at all like that.

Some time shortly after the turning point of her deepest trouble, Jane Powell told a friend:

"At last, happiness is getting to be something I know about. Maybe I'll turn into an authority yet. Anyway, I've learned this for a beginner: the future's a dream and the past is dead. When something is done, it's done, and you turn your back on it. You live in the present, and if you do look forward a little, it's to something real and tangible and not so far ahead you can't even see the outlines."

Wiser words may have been spoken. But Jane Powell learned her young wisdom the hard way. Thus—or so the theory usually goes—the happiness she has now, she's entitled to.

In any event, the name is Mrs. Nerney, that cute little wife of the hot-shot car dealer down the street. Yes, he works hard but she manages to keep occupied—the two children, you know, from a previous marriage, and sometimes she's away all day for weeks at a stretch. Something to do with pictures.

Miss Powell is fond of it this way. She considers that Mrs. Nerney has struck oil.

Back in the chips, out of the woods, call it what you will, that is Jane Powell today.

And if it took Mrs. Nerney to turn the trick, then it's a neat trick anyway and more power to Mrs. Nerney for it. Not to mention Mr. Nerney. In fact, not to mention Mr. Nerney would be ridiculous. He's the answer.

END

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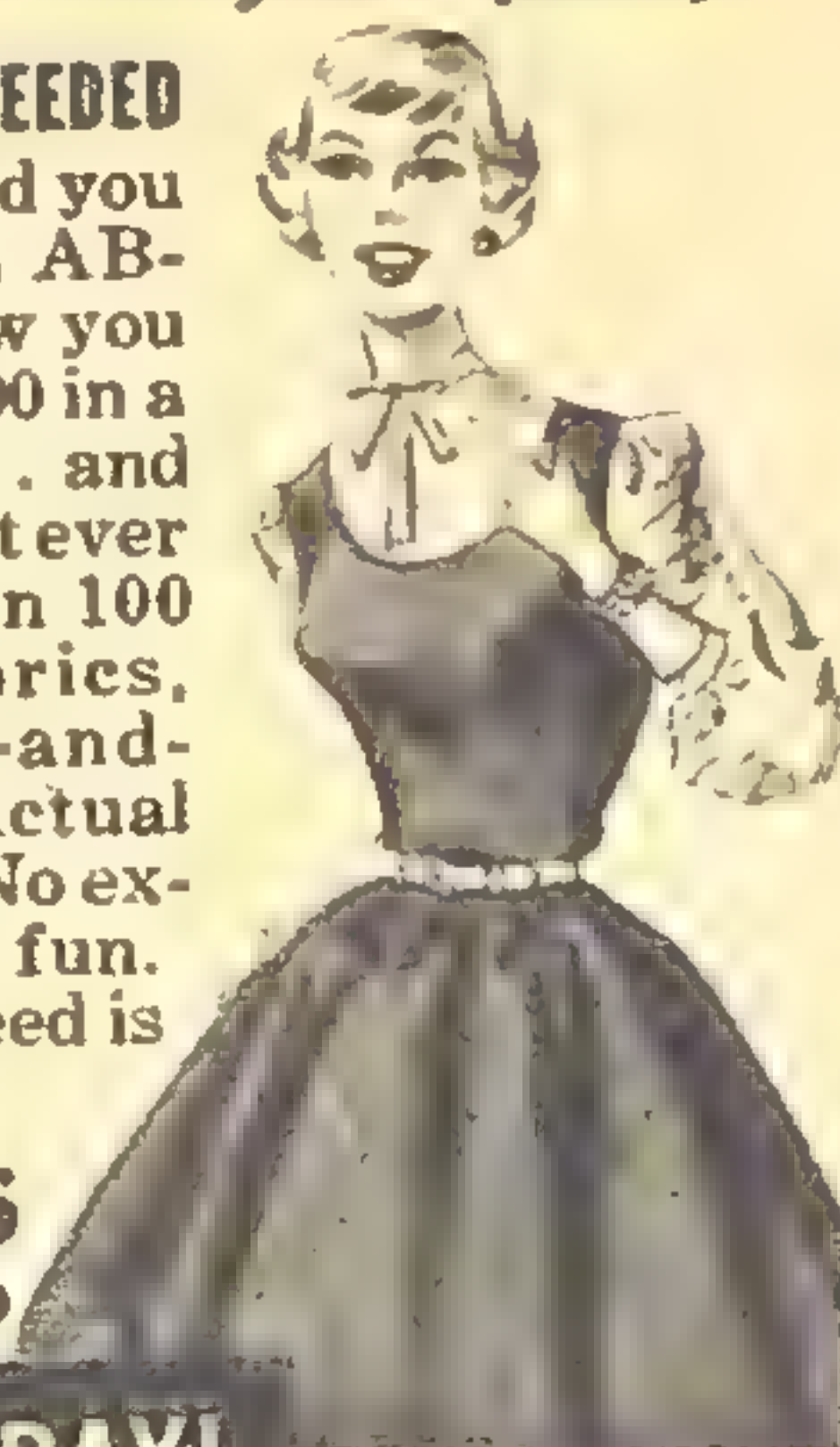


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An Innocent In Paris

continued from page 60

let's slip away to Pierre's around the corner, have an aperitif, and discuss the thing."

"What thing?" Jeanne wanted to know. "You and me."

In the United States, if a businessman made so bold, you'd have the gendarmes on him, and your husband would dent his profile for good measure. But in the city of the Eiffel Tower, a girl soon learns to shrug her shoulders and sigh, "C'est Paris!"

"At first," she allowed, "it's good for your ego, but after a while it gets you down. You can't walk along the Champs Elysees on Sunday by yourself. Every few steps you take, another Frenchman comes up to you. It gets so boring, you get infuriated. I really wanted to see Paris. I had dreamed of it all my life. I really wanted to walk ten miles and see the streets of Paris, but it's just impossible for a girl to walk down the street and have Frenchmen really believe she wants to walk."

"They have a thing over there," she smiled, "that a husband or wife is the least interesting of all creatures. They have an idea that marriage is a necessary nuisance and not terribly important, and that nobody ever is in love with his own husband or wife. I think one of the reasons may be that in France the wives do tend to look more like wives, and mothers do look more like mothers."

Even when she was with her friends, Jeanne was not spared the adoring blandishments of Parisian males. One Sunday afternoon, Jeanne accompanied some friends to a sculptors' salon in Montmartre, Bohemian rendezvous of lean, hungry and ascetic-looking artists.

She no sooner entered the noisy apartment than one of the artists stepped forward, grabbed her arm, and staked his claim.

"Ah!" he ahed. "I'm doing a study of Madame Pompadour." He looked rapturously into her eyes. "I've been looking for eyes like that! A face like that! The minute you walked into the room, I said, 'Who is that woman? What a face! What beauty! I must paint her!'"

It did Jeanne little good to escape this ardent party-goer. The moment she did another artist was upon her, with his own brand of Gallic blarney.

There was only one occasion when she escaped from French wolves—then only to run into a nest of American wolves. Since Jeanne does considerable painting herself, is an avid art enthusiast, and has a wonderful library in her Hollywood home, she beat an excited path to the Louvre museum every Sunday during her stay in Paris.

As she pointed out, "What could be more sedate? Certainly an art gallery is



SO persistent was one Frenchman, Jeanne didn't get rid of him until she left Paris.

a very safe place for anyone who wants to be left alone in America. Visiting the Louvre was one of the things I'd dreamed of doing all my life. Imagine being able to study the Mona Lisa, Venus de Milo and Winged Victory!"

Instead, Jeanne attracted more attention than any of the classics on the walls of the Louvre. The Louvre was swarming with American GI's—Navy, Air Force and Army—and they mistook Jeanne for a French girl. Like any red-blooded Americans turned loose in Paris, they considered so choice a Gallic morsel fair game for an ally.

Jeanne's ability to speak French fluently had held her in reasonably good stead in contending with ardent Frenchmen, but it was to prove a dubious advantage in discouraging her countrymen. When GI's approached her, she pretended that she couldn't understand or speak English, and she would demurely say in French, "Merci, non," and walk off. They followed her and held a whispered council of war within her hearing.

"How do you approach one of these babes anyhow?" one of them asked. "Do you say, 'Let's have a beer?'"

"Nah," said another. "Don't be a sap. They don't have beer here."

"They were just trying to have a good time," she explained. "Besides, I don't think an American man wants to force his attention on a woman who isn't attracted to him," Jeanne said. "But a Frenchman does. He can't imagine that you aren't fascinated by him."

One afternoon Jeanne attended an elegant Balenciaga showing, where tea and liqueurs and aperitifs were served. Before anyone could say Christian Dior, a man had calmly attached himself to her.

"He was very interested in what I liked and didn't like," Jeanne chortled. "It was absolutely of no consequence that I did not solicit his advice. He looked like an American girl's idea of a baron or count. He was very aristocratic and about 55. I think 55 is a wonderful age."

As he was one of the guests, Jeanne was polite to him. But he took the customary attitude that her courtesy was tantamount to acquiescence in his most devout wishes. He had a large bottle of perfume wrapped as a gift, and had one of the attendants give it to Jeanne with his card and his compliments. And sure enough, he turned out to be a count!

To Jeanne's consternation, she was unable to give his nibs the slip. When she left the fashion show, he was waiting for her outside with his chauffeur and limousine. He assumed, since Jeanne's French accent was not native, that she was either a New York or London model, and he suggested that they go somewhere and talk. He wouldn't hear of any excuses.

The count was so persistent, however, that Jeanne finally decided to explain to him who she actually was, that she was happily married, and the mother of four children.

"He thought it was a great, huge joke," she sighed. "He didn't believe a word of it."

Although Jeanne was adamant, and did

not go with him, the gay count was not easily discouraged. He learned that Jeanne was staying at the Raphael Hotel, near the Arc de Triomphe, and he inundated her with flowers and little gifts.

Jeanne demolished the myth that a wolf is a wolf, whether he roams Sunset Strip or the Rue de la Paix.

"I think American men have much more of a code of sportsmanship," she said. "Among themselves, they wouldn't deliberately set out to capture someone else's wife, fiancée or steady girl. In Paris, it doesn't do you any good to tell a man you're going to meet your husband. Their intentions are strictly dishonorable, and they think you're an idiot if you object."

Since the count, like all other gallant Frenchmen, would not take no for an answer, I asked Jeanne if he finally gave up.

"No," she cracked. "I finally left Paris!"

She made it clear—with a long sigh of relief—that there is no other way to escape a Frenchman.

Jeanne's husband flew to Paris for a few days with her, and between them they bought 14 paintings about which they are ecstatic.

"Those," Jeanne Crain whispered emphatically, "were the only conquests made."

END

If You Date A Hollywood Bachelor

continued from page 57

collection of perforated rolls, from guests who feel inclined to burst into song—or even from those modern inventions, TV and radio.

If you have spent an evening with Rock, you have had a gay, if somewhat ear-splitting, experience.

George Nader is another hill-topper, with a house-with-a-view high in Laurel Canyon. If you were to have a date with him, you would probably find two or three couples assembled in the big, paneled living room with the huge field-stone fireplace (fire roaring cheerfully, if the weather is chilly); a record-player providing background music and candles, a-glow. You'd be introduced, ceremoniously, to his "family"—two "part-Siamese" cats, who are pretty curious characters. If you really want George's approval, you'll take pains to make friends with the Siamese. (It isn't always easy. They have their own ideas about friendships!)

Then George will prepare to Cook. He takes his culinary duties so seriously that this must be spelled with a capital "C". He is good at it and proposes to prove that he is.

If it is a hasty, last-minute party, he may settle for hamburgers. But they will be special and different from any other hamburgers you have ever tasted—

George has an intricate recipe which calls for touches of Roquefort cheese and various sauces. If it is a party which has been planned far enough in advance, then he can really show off with his pride and joy—a "rotisserie" which is built into the wall of his dining room—with a revolving spit on which he can roast almost anything to an astonishing and mouth-watering turn. This he loves to do and he definitely doesn't want any help and, most definitely, he wants no kibitzing. But applause for the finished product—that's a different thing.

After dinner—well, there will be more music, a lot of conversation. Possibly you will want to examine and admire odd carvings, strangely-wrought daggers, intricate pieces of silver which George has brought from far parts of the earth. (You may drool over some wonderful, hand-woven fabrics, but so far as I know, George hasn't yet bestowed a yard of these treasures on any wistful femme.)

If you and the other guests are lucky, George may be persuaded to play the piano—and you may be very surprised. Few people in Hollywood know what a really accomplished pianist this Nader is.

The girl who spends an evening with George is in for some pleasant surprises.

Then take Bob Wagner. Bob has a

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HOLLYWOOD BACHELORS

continued

comfortable apartment not far from his studio, 20th Century-Fox, where he likes to entertain now and then.

The girl who is invited to be a special guest of Bob's should really be warned about two things. If she doesn't like Jackie Gleason records and isn't an ardent admirer of Gleason, it's going to dim the evening considerably. And if she is given to gossip—telling it or listening to it—she's dead. Bob won't have it. Also, she had better be prepared for at least a little bit of rather serious Hollywood "shop talk." Wagner is one of the most dedicated young actors in town.

But she needn't think she is in for a grim evening! She will have both gaiety and variety, for Bob is a man of tremendous enthusiasms and he likes to share them.

His guest won't find the conventional "big, open fire"—Bob doesn't have a servant and he isn't the type to lug fireplace logs around! But there will be candlelight, since he has recently discovered the fun of collecting old pewter and he likes to show off his antique candlesticks. If she will remember to admire these, she will please him a lot!

Dinner will be on snack trays in the living room and will consist of what one girl described afterward as "simply the world's most monumental sandwiches!" Bob can't cook and has no intention of learning, so he lays in stocks of various kinds of breads, innumerable cold meats and cheeses and pickles, cases of imported beer and soft drinks—and there you are.

Maybe he will show you some of the color movies he made while he was in Mexico on the "White Feather" location. Maybe friends of Bob's will drop in—

Jeff Hunter or Eddie Dmytryk or Dan Dailey. If Dan is one of them, you may just possibly be treated to a jam session on the drums by Dailey and Wagner. That is quite an experience, too!

Tab Hunter, who is as sought-after as any young actor in Hollywood, is just as eager as anyone else to entertain a pretty girl now and then. But Tab's budget doesn't stretch to a night club tab more than once in a long, long while and his home is a borrowed and not-very-satisfactory apartment. And does that deter him? It does not! Tab usually entertains the girl (usually it's Lori Nelson) at her own personal home.

"Lori tells me that her father and mother will be going out on a certain evening," he says, looking very pleased about the whole thing, "and I get some steaks—thick ones—and some stuff for salad and take it all over to her house. Then we cook. We usually boil a lot of eggs first—we both like hard boiled eggs—and then we sit in their den (they have such a nice, cozy den!) and eat eggs and look at TV and talk a lot and then we cook the steaks and fix the salad and eat them by the fire.

"By that time, her family usually comes home and then Lori and I go out somewhere to get some dessert. We go to a drive-in for pie-a-la-mode or to Wil Wright's ice cream parlor where we'll see some of the gang... or maybe we even drive to the beach for a waffle. It's fun. Sometimes if I have a little extra money I get more food and we invite other people—and it's a party. But we still do it at Lori's house."

When Hollywood's eligible young men entertain the lovely girls of their choice, the chief thing they want to provide—just as young men do anywhere else—is fun. They have their own various ways of doing it.

END

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Coming Attractions

continued from page 67

the glorious days ahead. Obviously, there's more to Venice than sightseeing. One afternoon, a red glass goblet in a curio shop catches her eye. Then one look at proprietor Rossano Brazzi and Katie senses this beats sightseeing all to heck. Brazzi, alert to opportunity, loses no time in establishing a new phase of Italo-American relationship. Willing though Katie is, she demurs at plunging into an affair with a middle-aged married man. Brazzi again comes to the fore and with some earthy Latin reasoning, convinces the dawdling Katie that a dish of ravioli can do wonders for the morale. Though Katie thrives on the diet, she doesn't lose all her good Midwestern taste. She takes her leave of Brazzi and Venice before both become tawdry. (United Artists.)

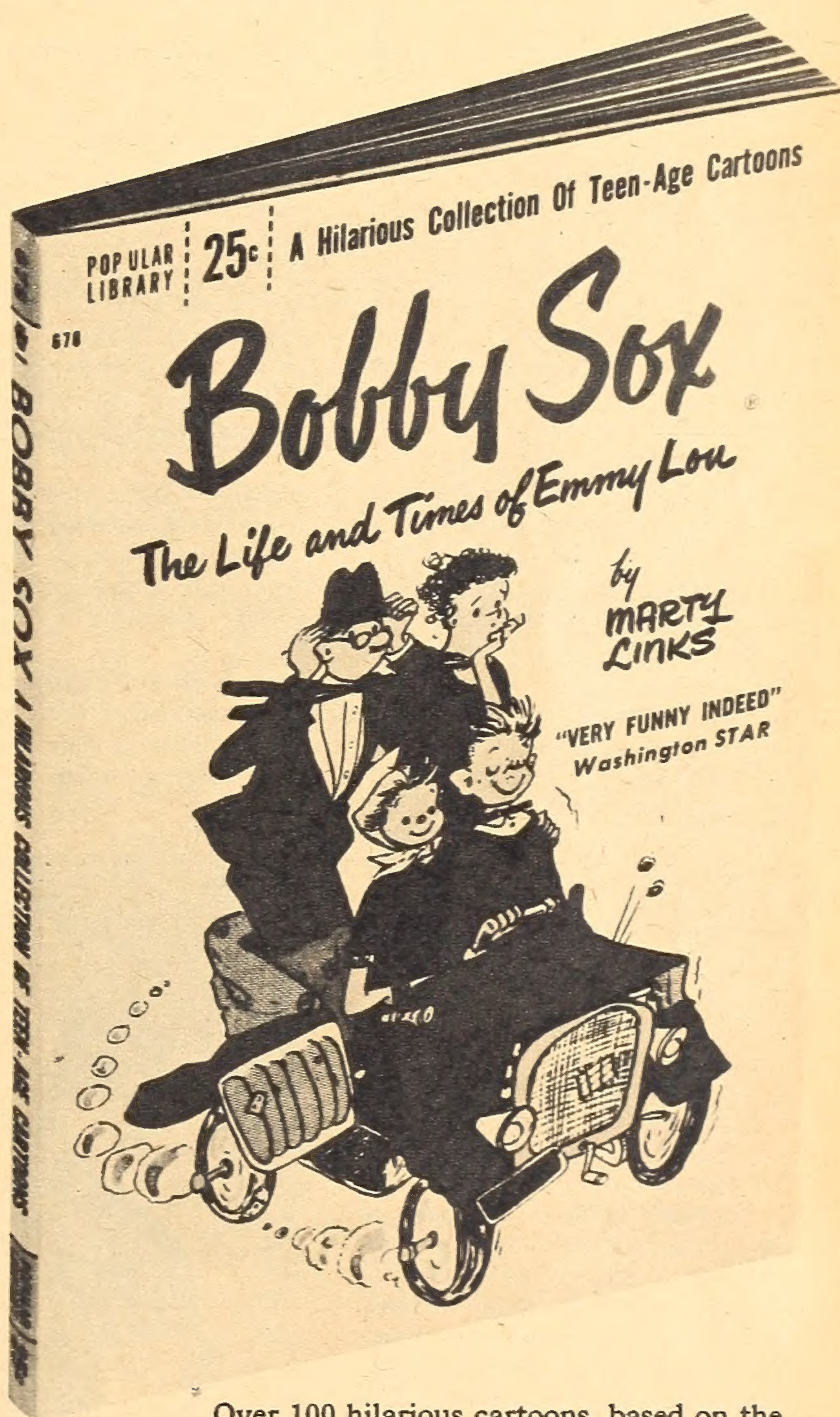
The Man From Laramie

HIS younger brother killed during an Apache raid on a U. S. Cavalry troop, Captain James Stewart takes leave of his Army chores to track down a white man believed to have sold the rifles to the Apaches. The trail finally leads to Coronado, a sleepy cattle town that suddenly awakens with a jolt, yelling for Stewart's blood if he doesn't leave town pronto. The most vehement anti-Stewart campaigner is Alec Nicol, Donald Crisp's problem son. Though his father seems normal enough, one minute with Nicol would make a trip through a torture chamber seem like a gay divertissement. When Nicol is found shot to death, Stewart is accused of the murder, but there are two people sure he didn't do it, Cathy O'Donnell and her fiancé Arthur Kennedy, foreman of Crisp's ranch. Cathy has her own reason for thinking Stewart innocent. Kennedy has more definite proof because it was he who killed Nicol. (Columbia.)

Rebound

DARK, brooding melodrama cloaked in British fog and low-keyed Technicolor, an appropriate setting for Stewart Granger's sordid plan to come by wealth the "easy" way. Married to a woman older than he, Granger slowly poisons her to death, but his flush status of widower is sullied by Jean Simmons, a scullery maid who knows all. To keep her quiet, Granger makes her his housekeeper. Alas, Jean isn't content with that paltry offering, and poor Granger is badgered into formulating some new plans. These call for doing away with Jean and marrying the daughter of a wealthy industrialist. Instead of Jean, Granger murders an innocent woman by mistake, thereby setting off a chain of events leading to his doom. Good suspense drama. **END**

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Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 12

role in "Picnic" opposite Bill Holden. She's sooooo excited about the role—and should be. It will be great for her. This gal really wants to concentrate on her career for a little while.

BABY TALK—Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas will name their expected November newcomer "Adams," regardless of sex, they say, because Jan's a descendant of John Adams . . . Another November arrival will be the Kirk Douglas-Anne Buydens bambino . . . Guy Madison and the Big White Bird really had a race. Guy returned from the "Last Frontier" location in Mexico at 6 p.m. and bride Sheila presented him with their daughter Bridget at 3:36 the next a.m.!

STORMY WEATHER—Jean Peters established residence in Florida to divorce Stuart Cramer III. Soon she'll return to Hollywood for a full-time acting life, probably will have the lead in the remake of "The Rains Came" . . . Zsa Zsa and Rubirosa had a real knockdown argument and he left for Paris. Don't hold your breath until these two marry! . . . Abbe Lane and Xavier Cugat had a really fine verbal brawl at Ciro's—but in this case we don't think it forecasts a split.

NO LOVE—One gal just too-darned-busy-for-love at the moment is Shelley Winters. She went to New York to set up a stage tour, to organize her own film company and also discuss TV deals. Then she shuttled back to Hollywood for a short but sharp role in "The Big Knife," and ten days later went South of the Border for "Treasure Of Pancho Villa," for which she shrewdly made a deal that she'd be paid \$1,000 a month for the next five years! Very handy tax-wise!

BAD LUCK—AND GOOD—Pier Angeli and Vic Damone seem to have had lots of misfortune since their marriage. Her airplane accident which resulted in a cracked pelvis had her on crutches for a long time. Then she sprained an ankle. Next, Vic was on the injured list. He dislocated his neck doing a back-flip at "Kismet" rehearsals. And the next casualty was their household maid, who suffered a broken neck in an auto accident. But Pier and Vic feel they're lucky, nonetheless, because the doctor says everything's okay with their coming bambino despite Pier's accident.

ABOUT DEAN—James Dean, that "Rebel Without A Cause," is looking for a business manager because, he says, "My days of fun are over." Jimmy wants to invest most of his salary in profitable enterprises (who doesn't?) in order to accumulate money! Jimmy's goal is to get into movie production—and ultimately

direct! In the romance department, Jimmy can't forget the Pierangeli family. When Pier, whom he had been dating, married Vic Damone, Jimmy switched his affection—or at least his attention—to twin sister Marisa Pavan. But Mama Pierangeli still doesn't vote for Dean; she tells Marisa she likes Arthur Loew, Jr. The other day Marisa lunched with both Senior and Junior Loews at MGM, that's all one big happy family—Loews and MGM—and the commissary buss went, "Is she meeting her future father-in-law?" We'd guess no.

NOT STORMS—SHOWERS—Friends of newlyweds Julie Adams and Ray Danton have had a tough time trying to give them bridal showers. First, the bridal couple eloped long before the expected wedding date. Then, they were both so busy in pics that partying was out. But now Julie has finished "The Private War Of Major Benson," and Ray has completed "The Spoilers," so their friends are giving them belated showers. These two—Julie and Ray—are very happy and we're very happy to give you this report.

MARRIED?—There's a rumor around town that Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates are secretly married. Well, we can't give you a gold-plated guarantee, but our guess is that they aren't.

MR. & MRS. NOTES—Sam Goldwyn—surely you know who he is—and his wife celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary . . . Rory and Lita Calhoun have been

"having a wonderful time" in Mexico while he's been on location on a picture and she's been visiting. A good reason: they both speak fluent Spanish. Does that make a difference, South of the Border! . . . Ida Lupino and Howard Duff are about to launch a "Mr. and Mrs." TV series . . . June Haver and Fred MacMurray, no night-clubbers they, broke precedent and went to a local bistro to catch Stan Kenton's performance . . . Jack Webb's bride gifted him with a gold watch band for his 35th birthday, plus a party at home. He already had the watch . . . John Wayne wanted a vacation after solid, steady work on both "The Sea Chase" and "Blood Alley," mostly made at sea—so he decided on a three-weeks' yacht trip to Acapulco! Fortunately, his Pilar likes the sea.

SPORTS NOTES—A local Los Angeles sportscaster recently picked as the most enthusiastic baseball fans in town—Jeff Chandler, Mike O'Shea and Frank Lovejoy. Lucky their wives are tolerant, eh? . . . Walter Winchell disappointed a lot of his Hollywood friends when he literally flew into town for a few minutes, then took another plane for the Las Vegas golf tourney to benefit the Damon Runyan Cancer Fund, without any time between to see said friends. Well, anyway, W.W. and Bob Hope won prizes in the non-pro division. And this was one of the really great charity sports benefits of the year!

VERY GENERAL—We don't know who coined the phrase—but we like it: "It isn't who you know in Hollywood—it's what you know about them!" Okay, we'll be grammatical and make that "who" a "whom." But how true, friends, how true! **END**



SHIRLEY JONES, soon to be seen in "Oklahoma," at the Harwyn with Harry McWilliams.

Breezy



Comfort



No. 70

REGULAR SIZE

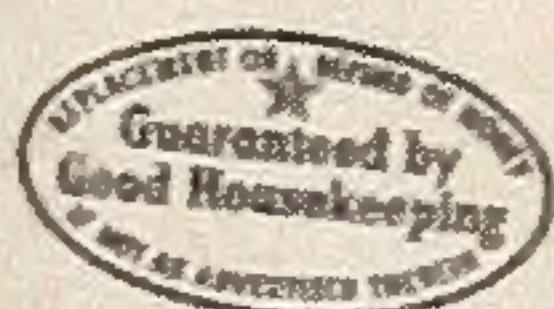
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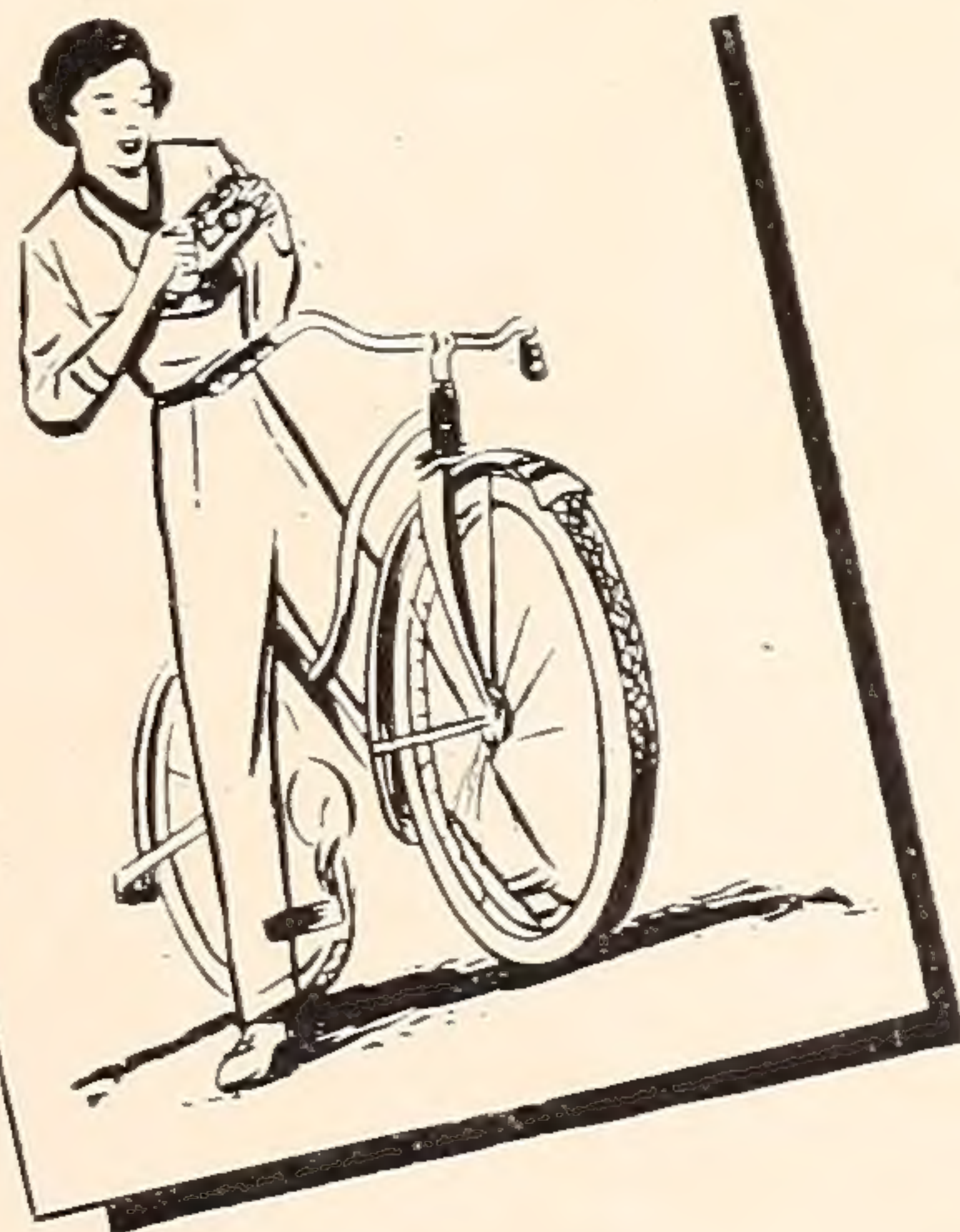
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Isn't it wonderful to be able to ride, play, work . . . be as active as you wish and yet have your hair always neat and lovely? With a Unicum Hair Net your hair will be well groomed regardless of wind or weather. Sheer 15 denier nylon with elastic edging holds your hair securely in place, yet never, never has that "squashed down" look. Run resistant, snag proof and completely washable, a Unicum hair net is a splendid investment in comfort and beauty.

Buy a supply of UNICUM HAIR NETS today at your nearest

WOOLWORTH STORE

Also available at other fine stores

Net Your Man...



PUT MORE ALLURE INTO YOUR HAIRDO WITH **VENIDA** HAIR NETS

● See how *captivating* an unruffled hairdo can be. Tomorrow morning, take ten seconds to put on a Venida Hair Net. Notice how smart and trim your hair looks all day long. How every wisp *stays put*, just as you first arranged it, without your "do" requiring a bit of attention or recomb.

Perfect color-blend, sheer invisibility, extraordinary wear—you get all these in Venida Guaranteed Hair Nets, plus the certainty of knowing Your Man will always see you at your *very best*.

Venida Hair Nets are Sold Everywhere

NYLON HAIR NETS, elastic edge, regular or French mesh. 10¢

HUMAN HAIR NETS, with or without elastic, all shapes and sizes. 20¢ and 25¢

BOB PINS, rubber tip, tension grip, can't catch or scratch. 10¢ and 25¢
190-pin economy size 50¢

SLEEPING BEAUTY SET-NETS, nylon tricot, lace edge. 39¢



Venida rules the waves!®

Hair Beauty Products of

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